

# ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE

71

STRANGE: PART 2



BENDIS  
BAGLEY  
HANNA

**MARVEL®**



# PREVIOUSLY

## ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

### "STRANGE" PART 2 of 2

The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high-school student Peter Parker incredible, arachnid-like powers: Strength, agility, a spider-like sixth sense warning him of personal danger, and most amazing of all-- Peter can walk on walls. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility!

Now the fledgling super hero tries to balance a full high school curriculum, a night job as a web designer for the *Daily Bugle* tabloid, a friendship with the beautiful Mary Jane Watson, and swing time as the misunderstood, web-slinging Spider-Man.

Previously in *Ultimate Spider-Man*:

Peter Parker and his girlfriend Mary Jane Watson are at a good point in their relationship and have decided to spend their combined allowance on dinner at an exclusive Manhattan restaurant located in Central Park...

While on an assignment to interview supposed mystic Dr. Stephen Strange with *Daily Bugle* reporter Ben Urich, young Peter Parker suddenly finds himself living a nightmare.



Writer  
Brian Michael Bendis

Penciler  
Mark Bagley

Inker  
Scott Hanna

Colorist  
J.D. Smith

Letterer  
Chris Eliopoulos

Assistant Editor  
Nick Lowe

Editor  
Ralph Macchio

Editor in Chief  
Joe Quesada

Publisher  
Dan Buckley









Oh- oh!  
Hey!  
Wong!  
Wong!!

Mfmff...



By the hoary  
hosts of whatchacallit,  
what happened? What  
is going on? What *is*  
this?

Mmm...

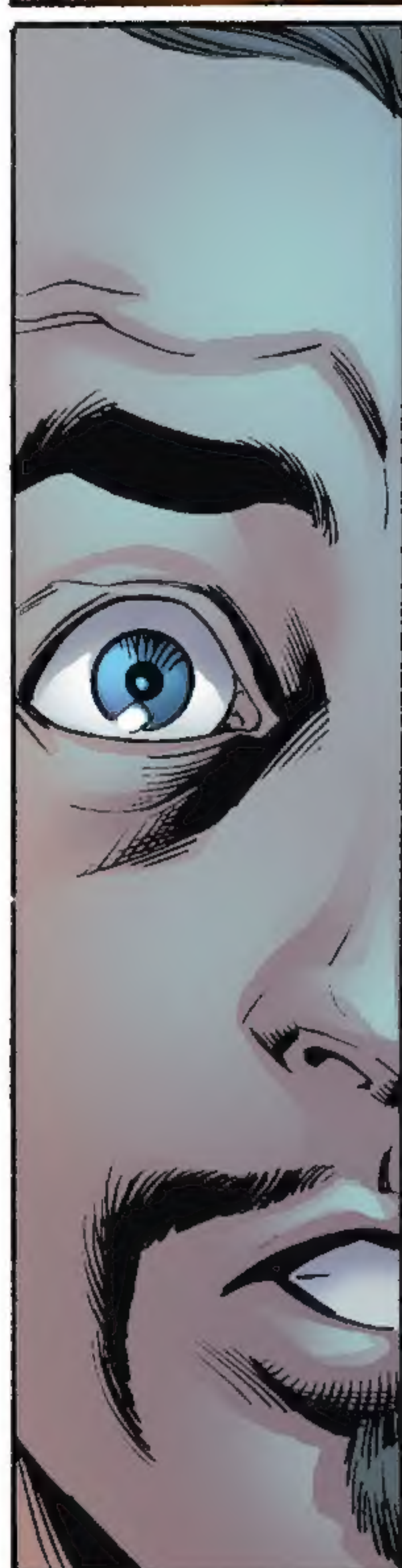


Mmmtthh!

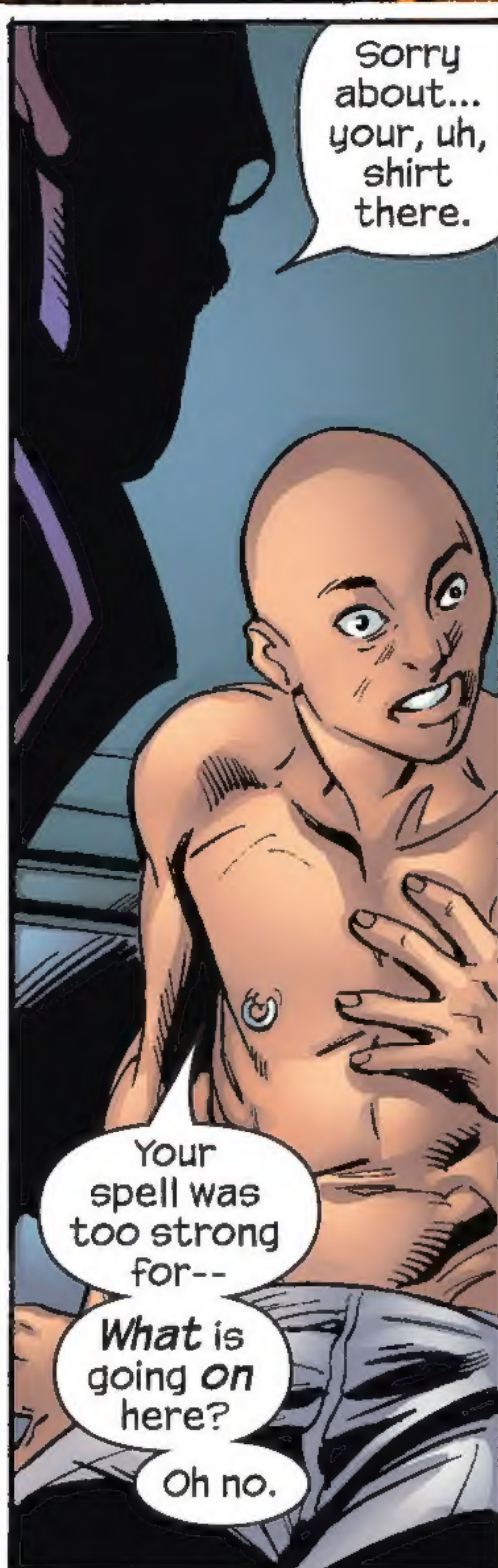
Hold  
on, hold on!  
I know the spell  
for this. I know  
this. This is one  
of the material  
spells.

Thucaste-  
no.

Thurucaste  
quivoloth  
badasavi.



Sorry  
about...  
your, uh,  
shirt  
there.



Your  
spell was  
too strong  
for--

What  
is going  
on  
here?

Oh no.



What  
happened?

Thank the  
Ancient One,  
he's still  
alive.

Is that  
really Spider-  
Man?

I believe  
so, yes. He  
came in  
through the  
window--

What? He  
crashed into  
here? He just  
crashed in?



Yes. But I don't  
know why.

Do you think  
he remembers being  
here before?

I don't know,  
Master Stephen.  
His breathing is  
shallow.



He's probably going  
to be mad you did  
that.

Well,  
considering  
*he* physically  
attacked *me*  
and yet I'm  
trying to save  
*his* life...

I'm just  
saying, he  
probably likes  
to keep the  
mask on.

Poor  
child.

Wong, tell  
me what  
happened.





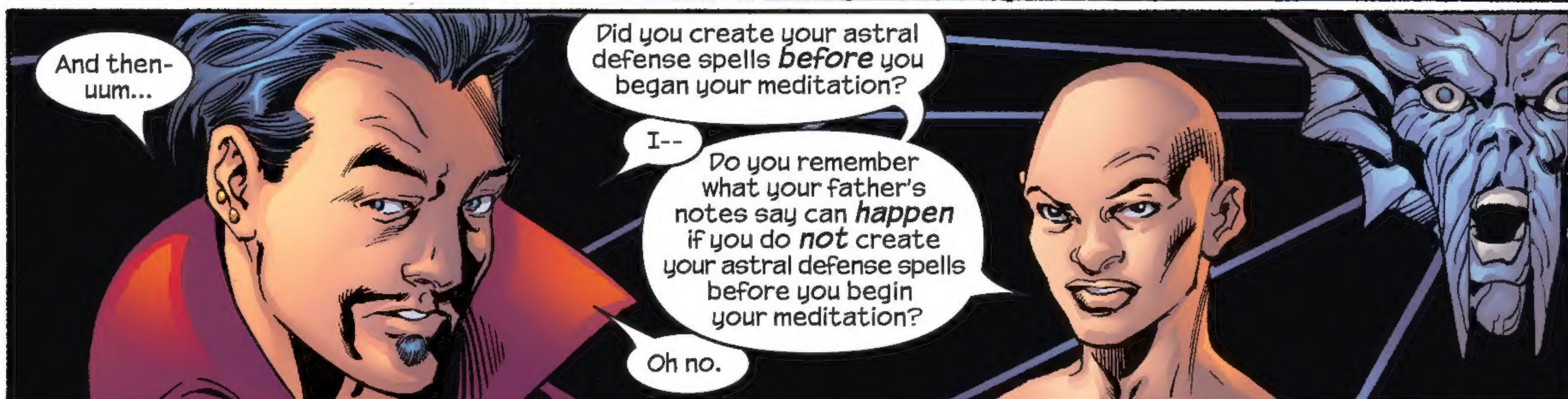
Master Stephen, what is the last thing *you* remember?

We were meditating.

Yes.

You and I, sitting just like this.

Yes.



And then-- uum...

Did you create your astral defense spells *before* you began your meditation?

I--

Do you remember what your father's notes say can *happen* if you do *not* create your astral defense spells before you begin your meditation?

Oh no.

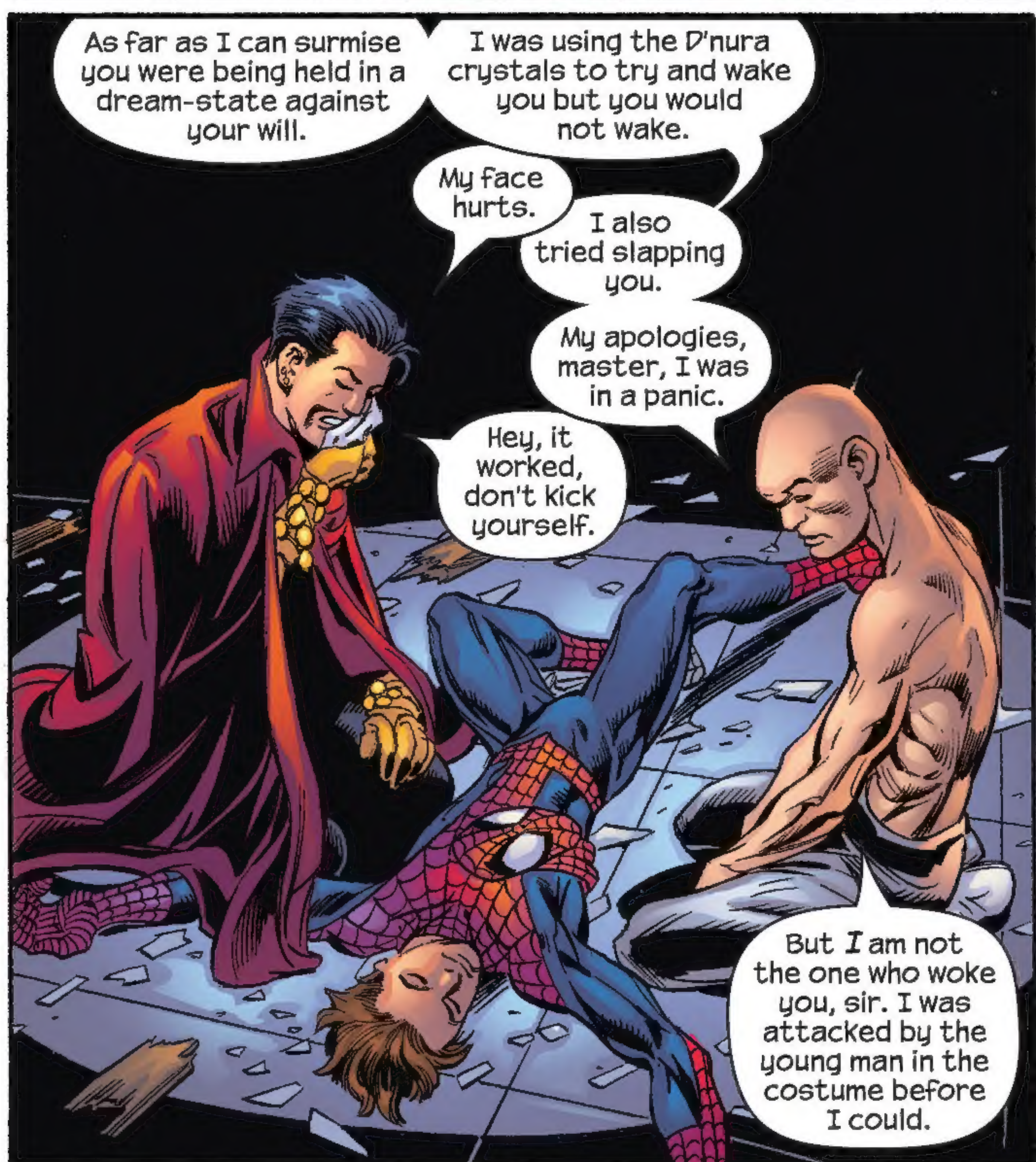


*What* happens if you forget to create your astral defense spells before you begin your meditation?

You can accidentally open astral plane dimensional doorways?

You open yourself to possible *possession* by beings of unearthly energies and--

Oh no.



As far as I can surmise you were being held in a dream-state against your will.

I was using the D'nura crystals to try and wake you but you would not wake.

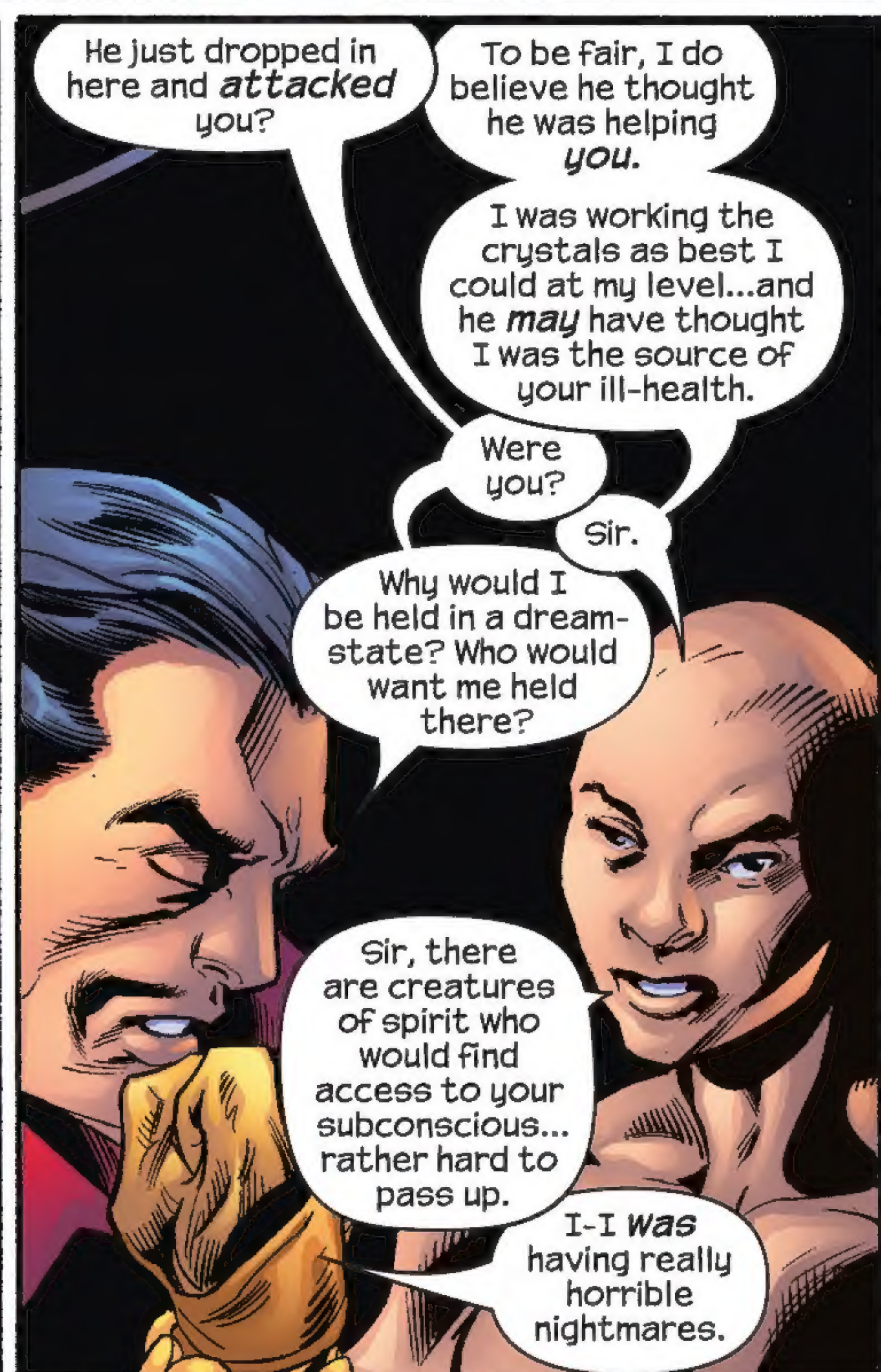
My face hurts.

I also tried slapping you.

My apologies, master, I was in a panic.

Hey, it worked, don't kick yourself.

But *I* am not the one who woke you, sir. I was attacked by the young man in the costume before I could.



He just dropped in here and *attacked* you?

To be fair, I do believe he thought he was helping *you*.

I was working the crystals as best I could at my level...and he *may* have thought I was the source of your ill-health.

Were you?

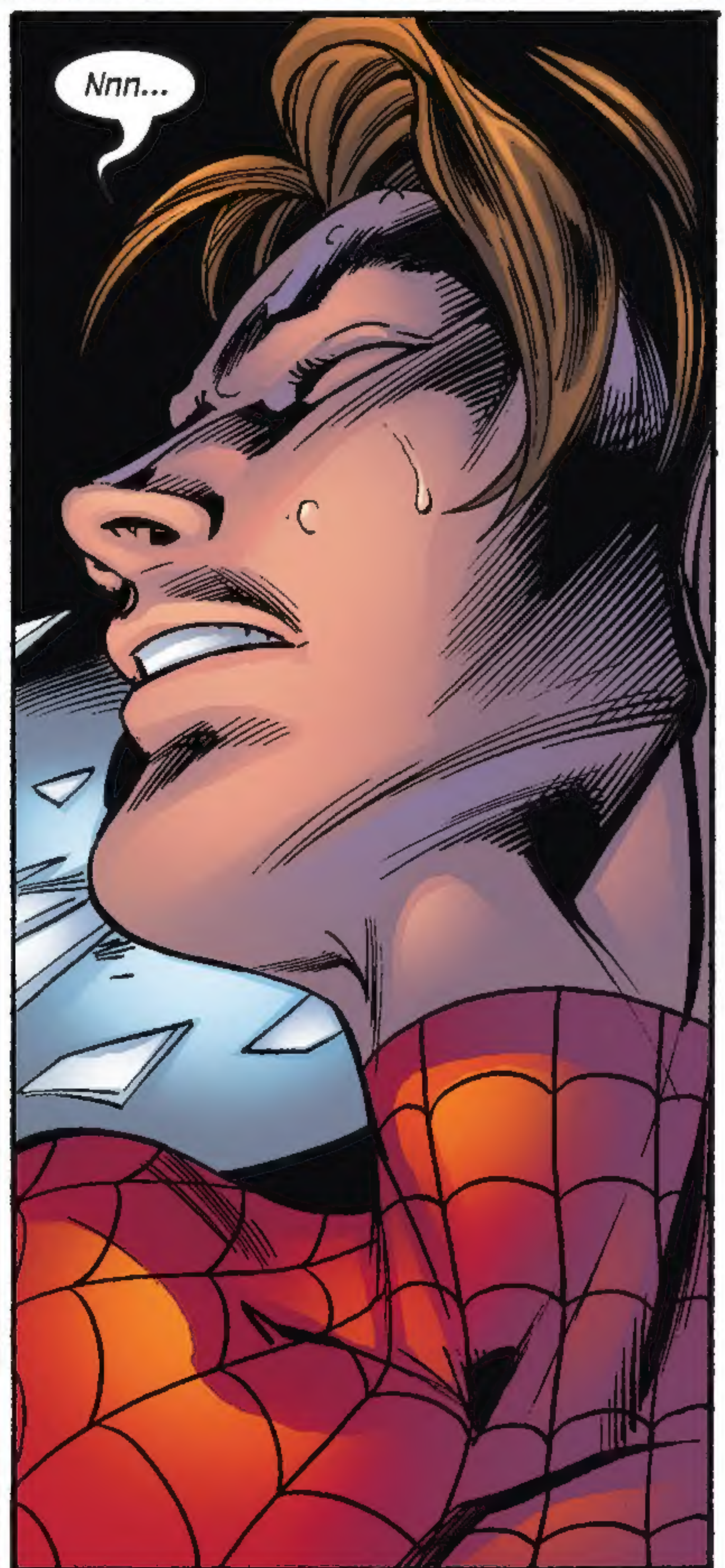
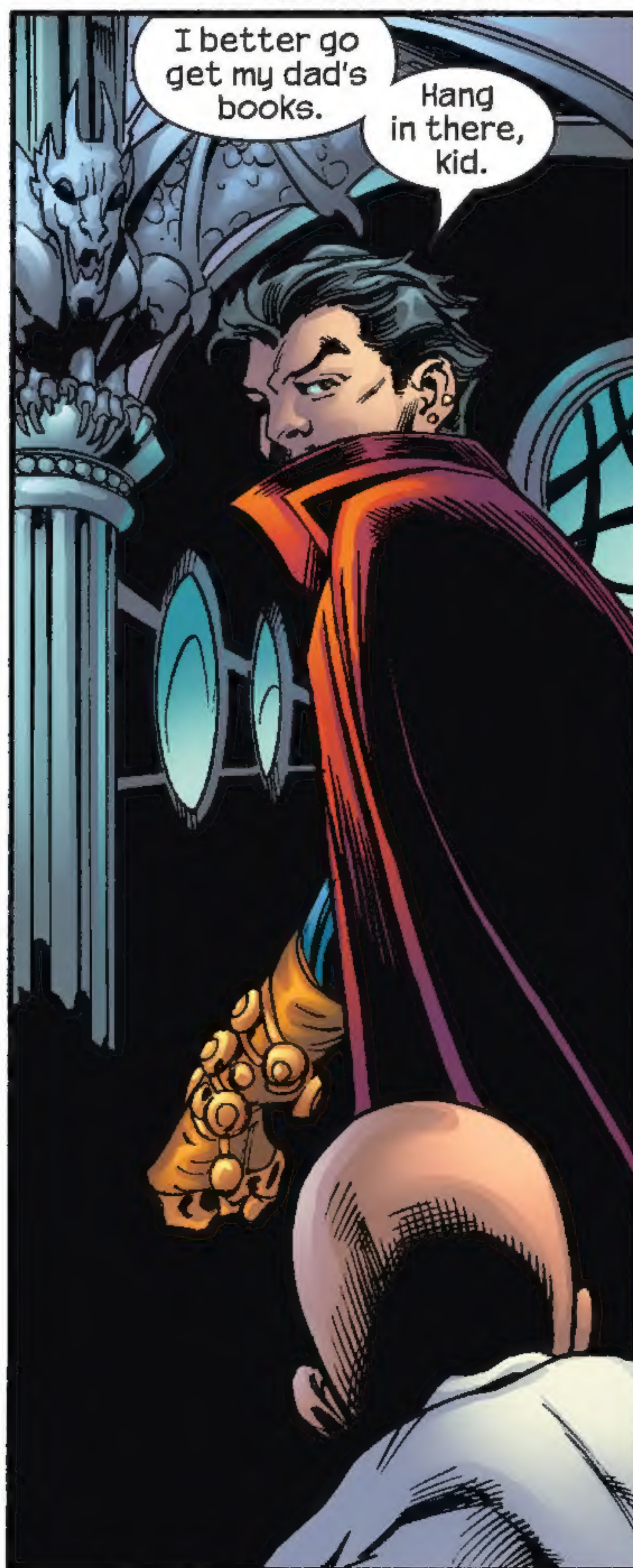
Sir.

Why would I be held in a dream-state? Who would want me held there?

Sir, there are creatures of spirit who would find access to your subconscious... rather hard to pass up.

I-I *was* having really horrible nightmares.









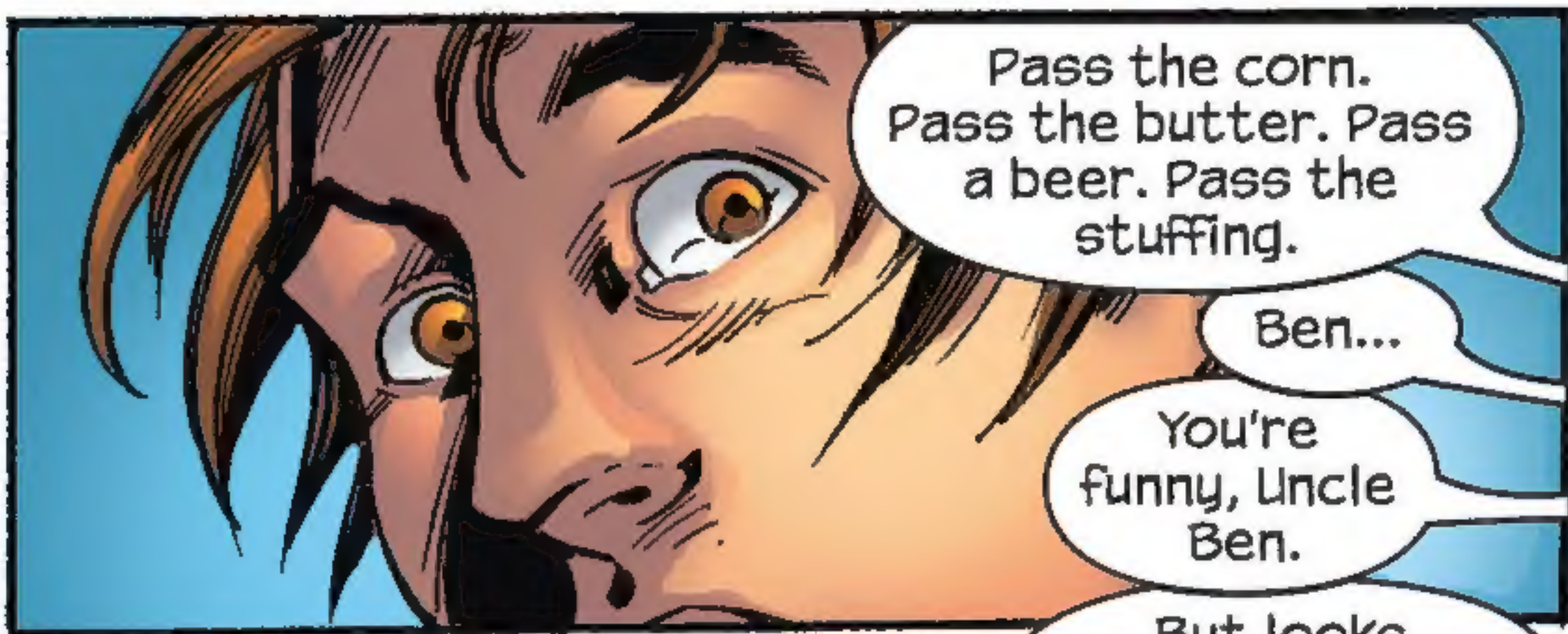
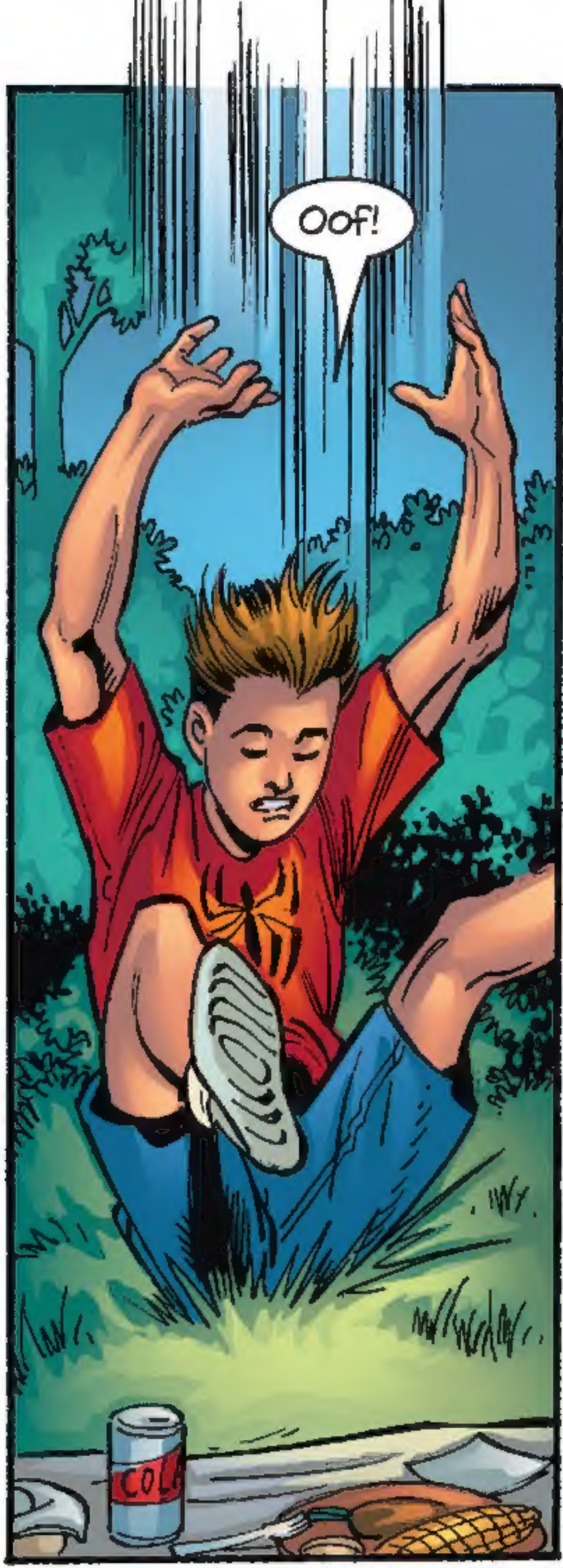
**Noooooo!**



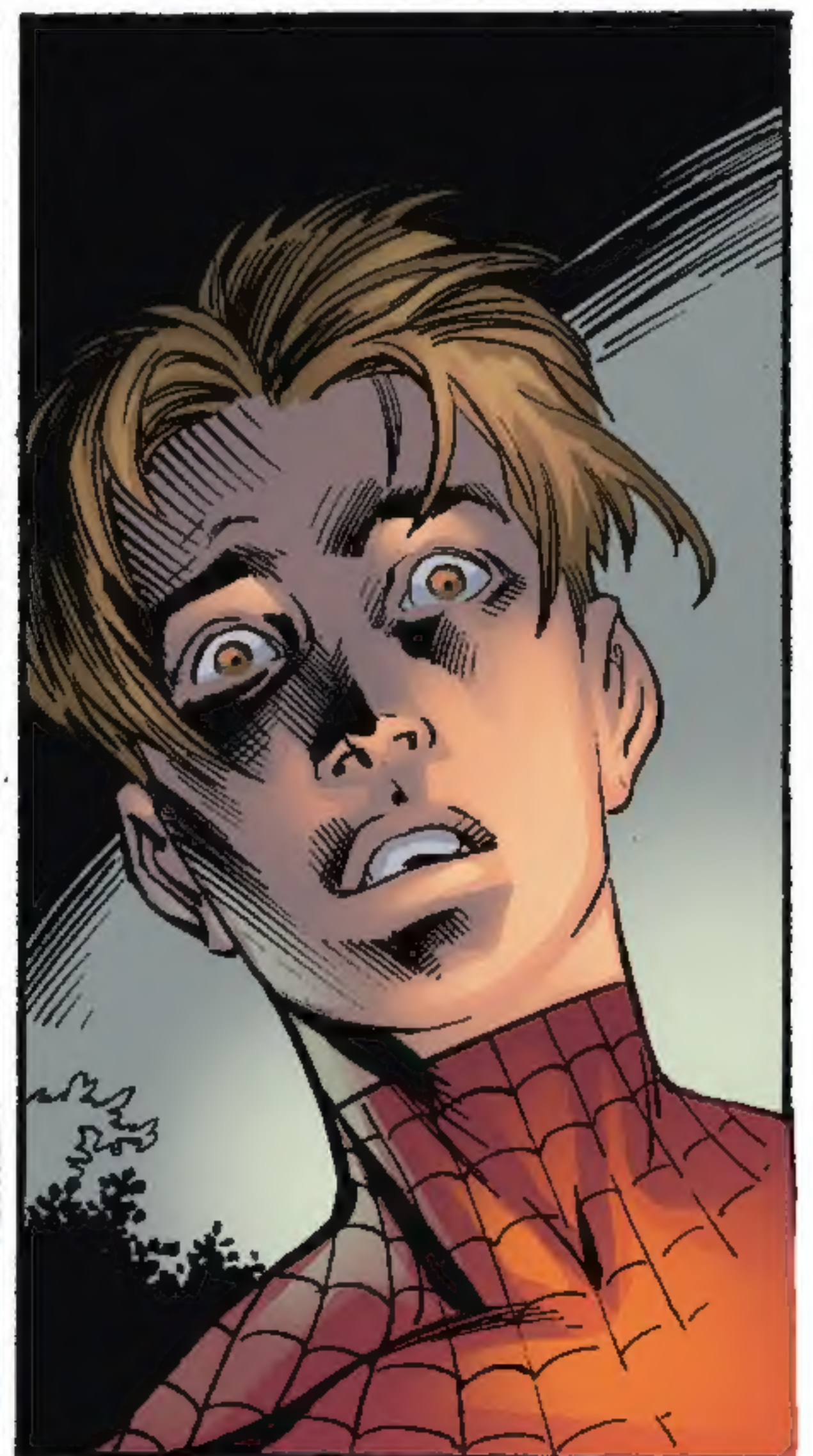


AAAGGGHHH!!

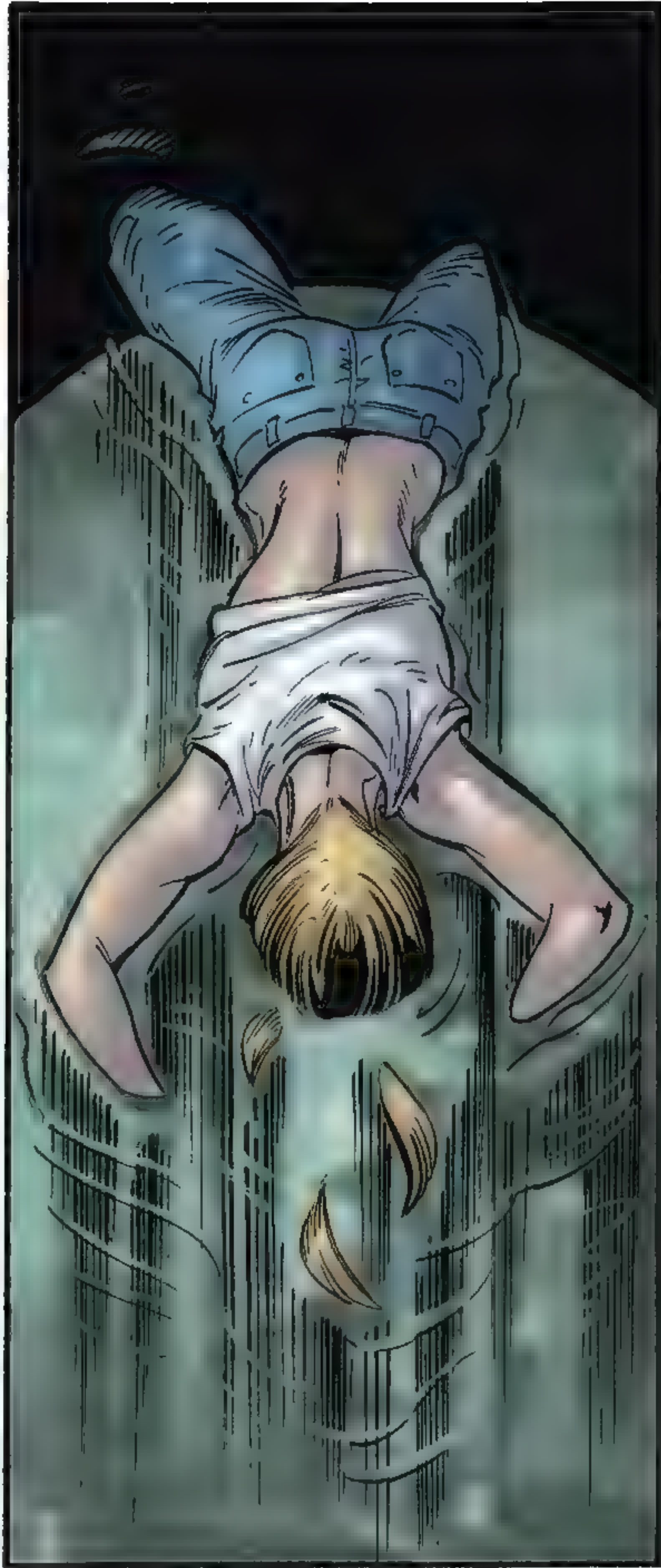
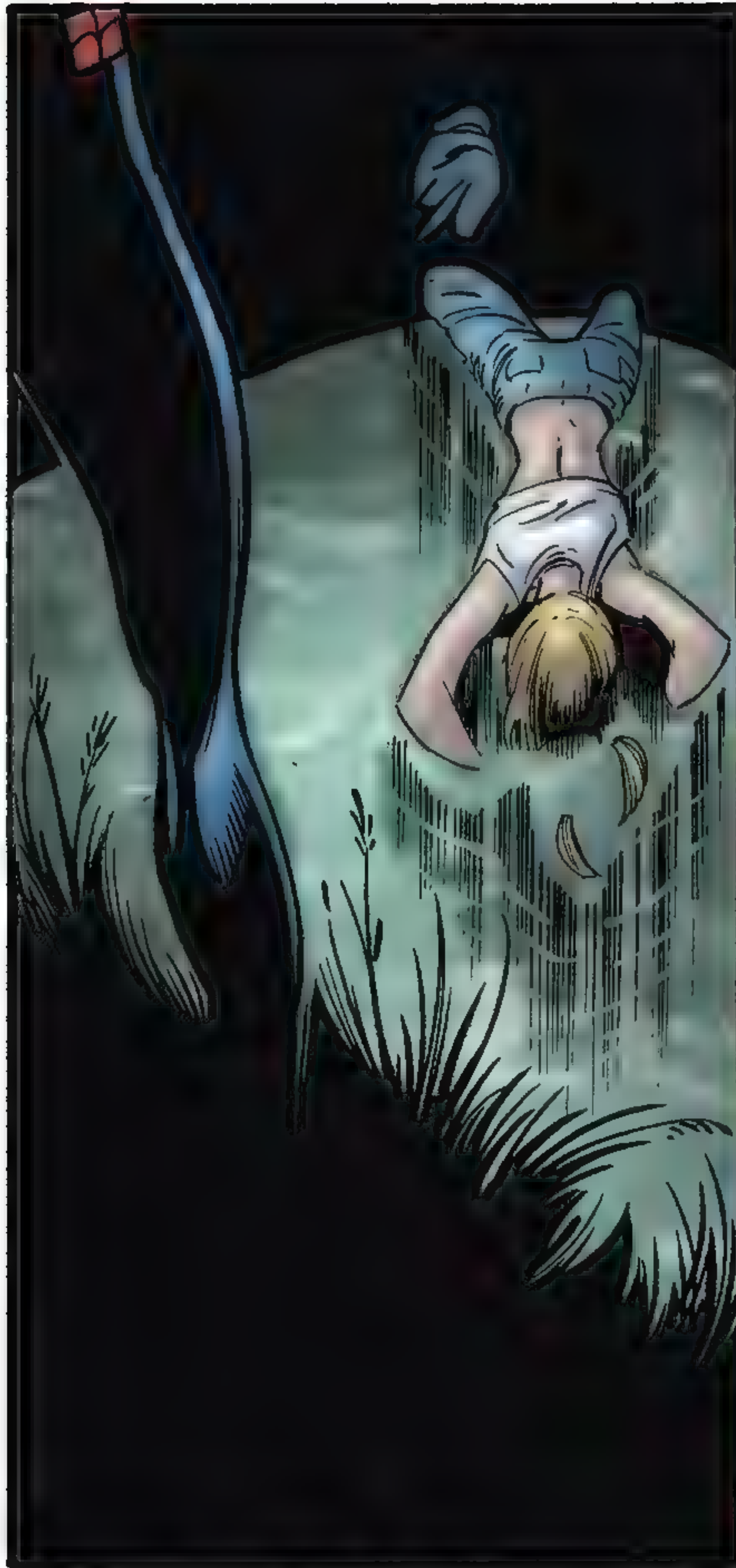




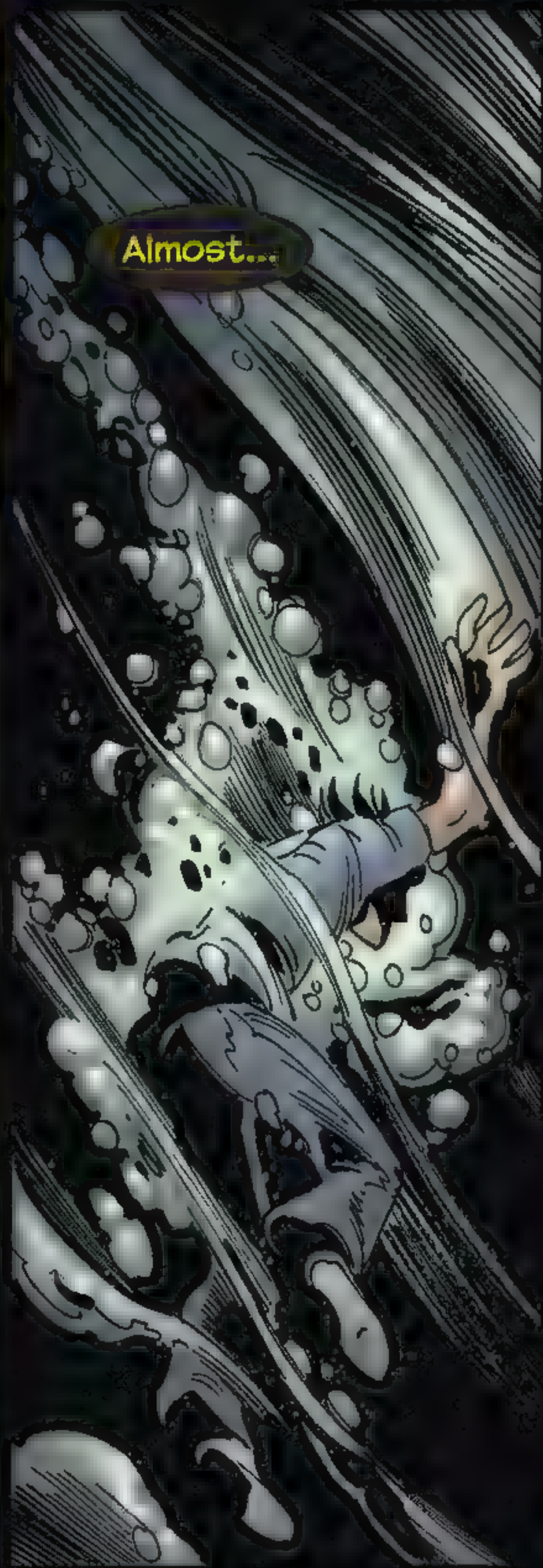




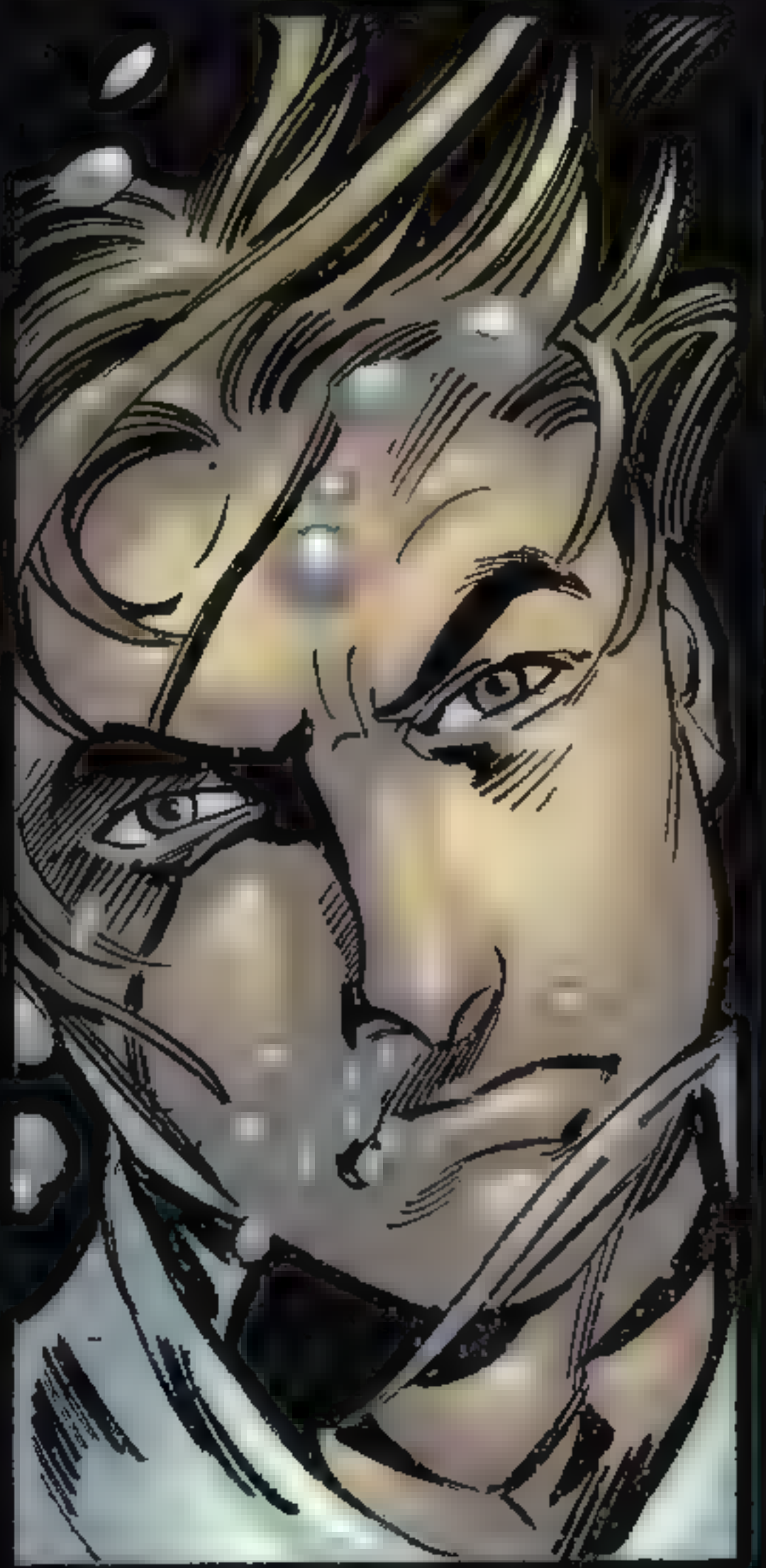




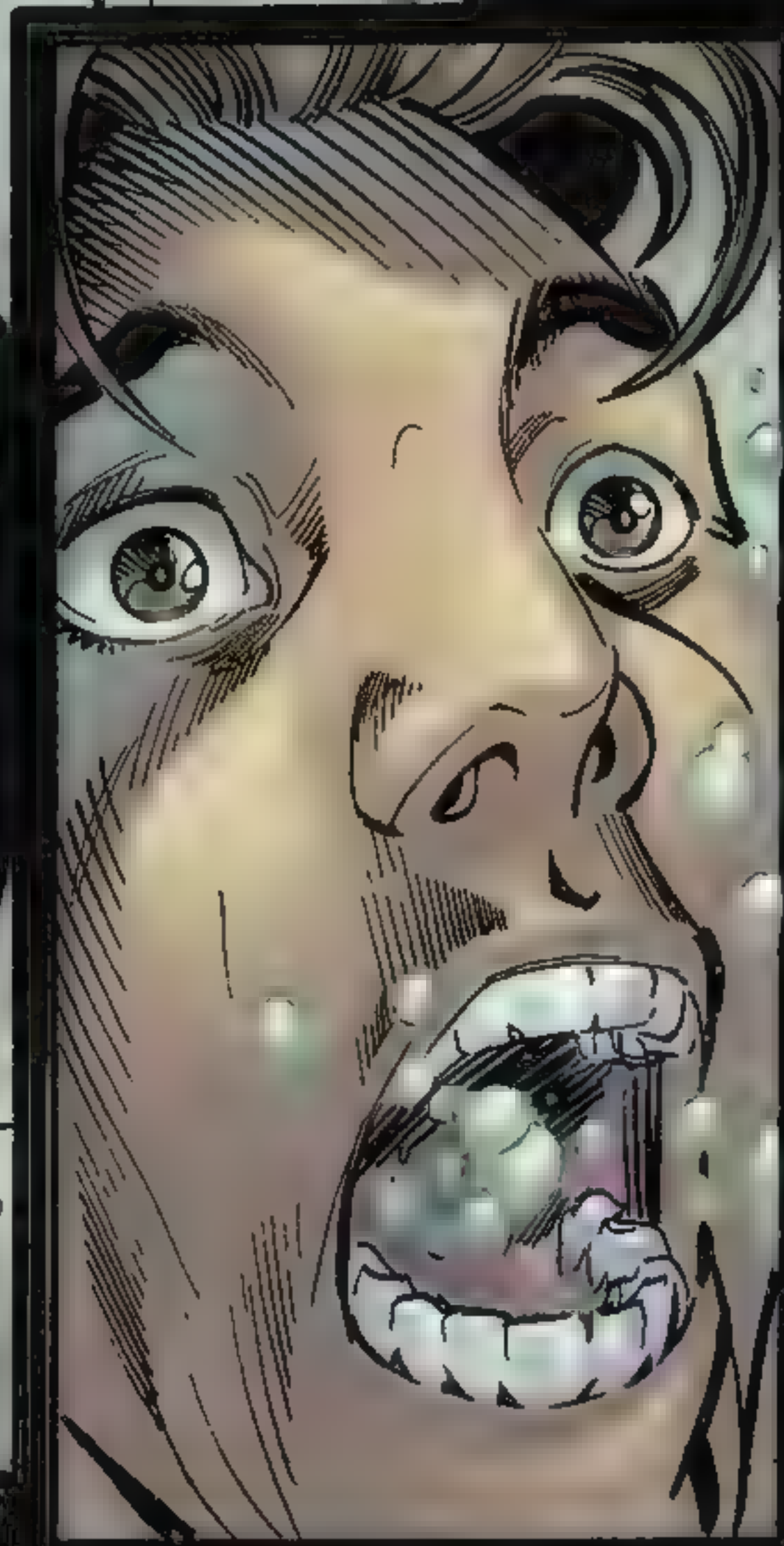




Almost...



Almost...





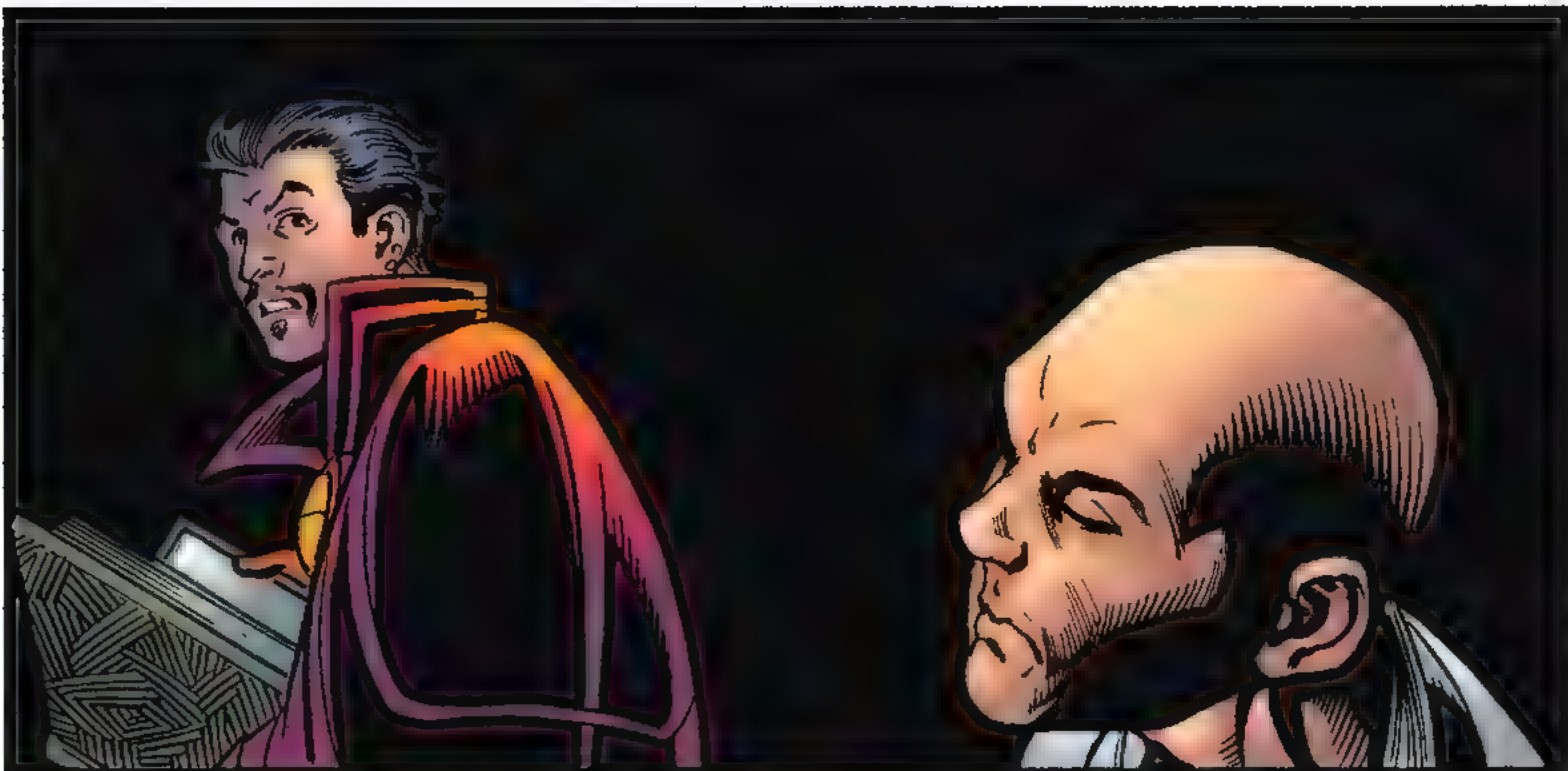






"It has been surmised by many scholars that this dream entity was feeding off of the gladiator...hoping to build enough energy to move into the corporeal dimension--

--to gain direct access to mankind's dream-state."



Wong, prepare the candles and incense.

I'll get the crystals of Agamotto.



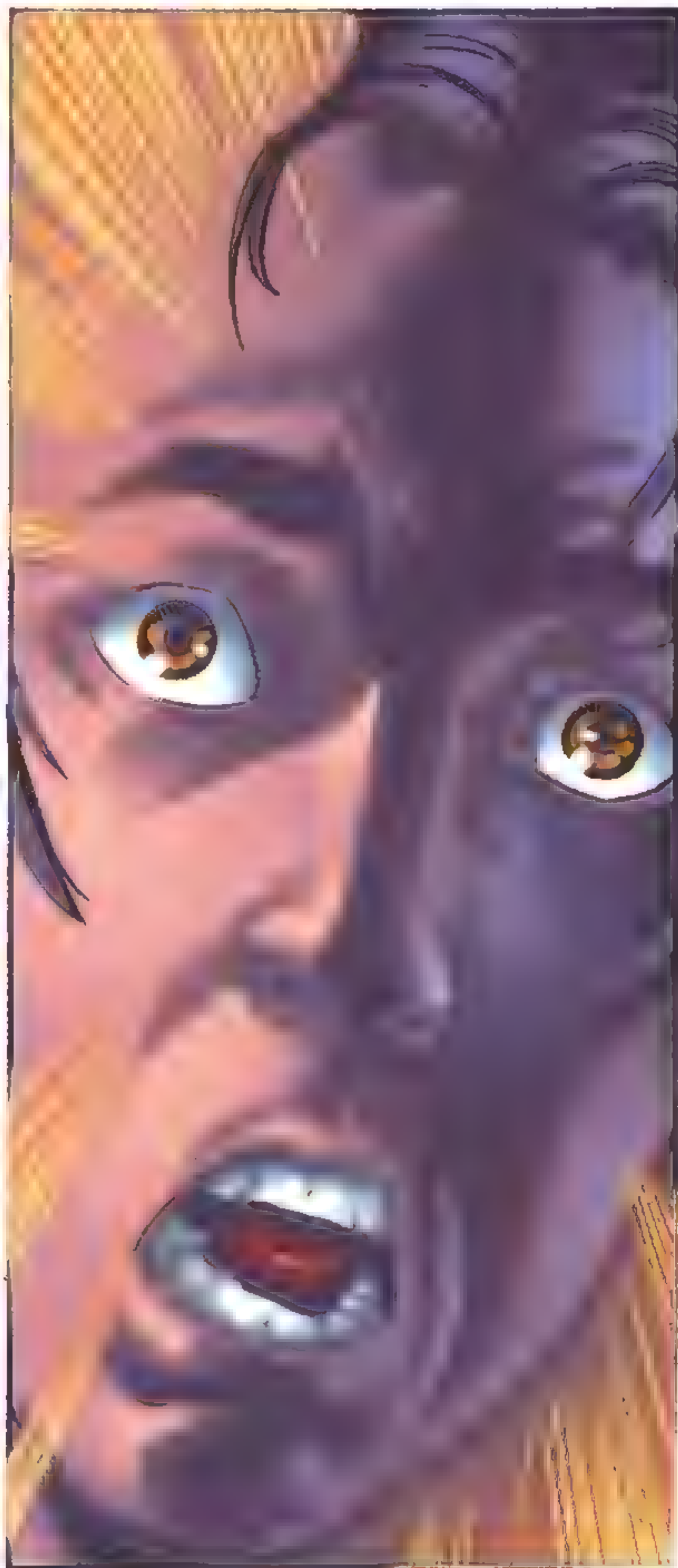
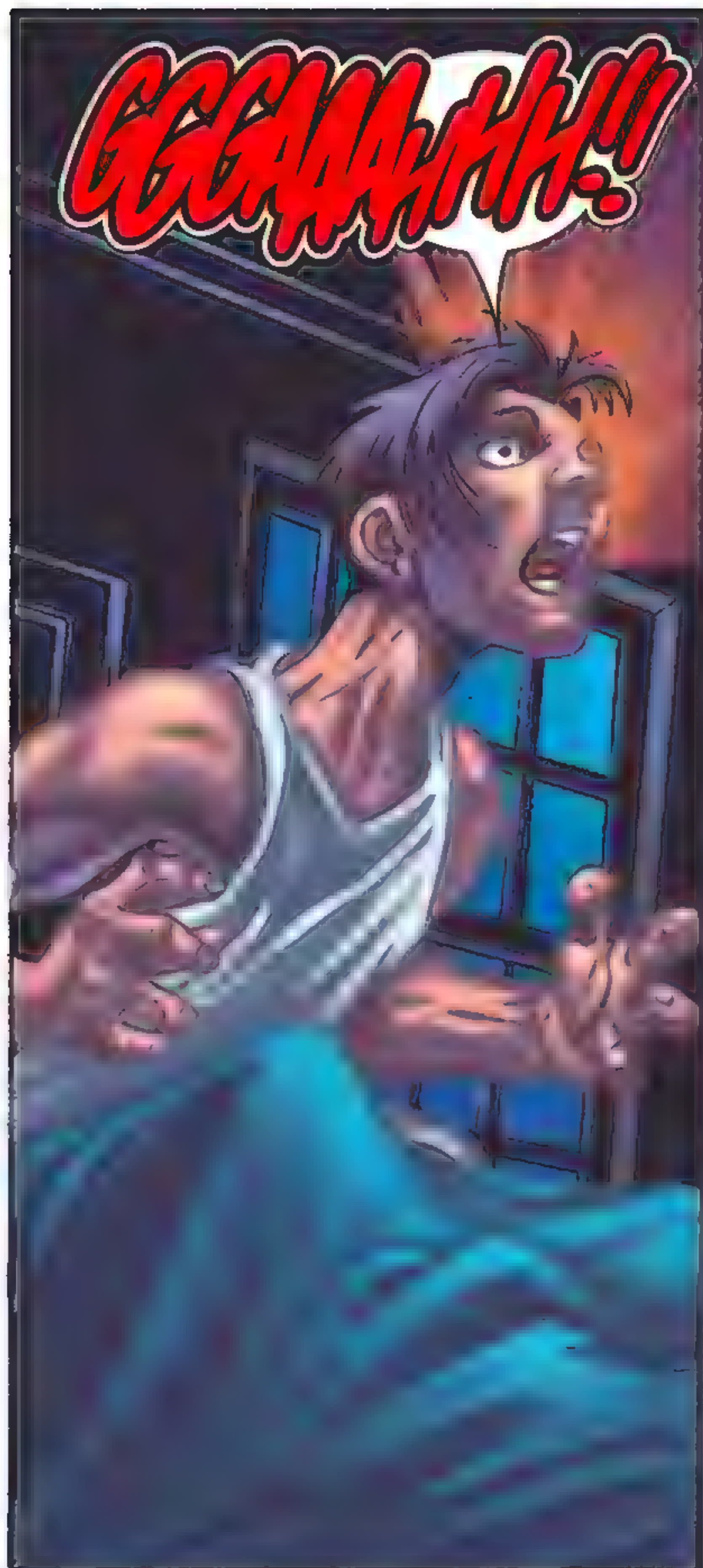
Do you feel your spells are *strong* enough for this, master?



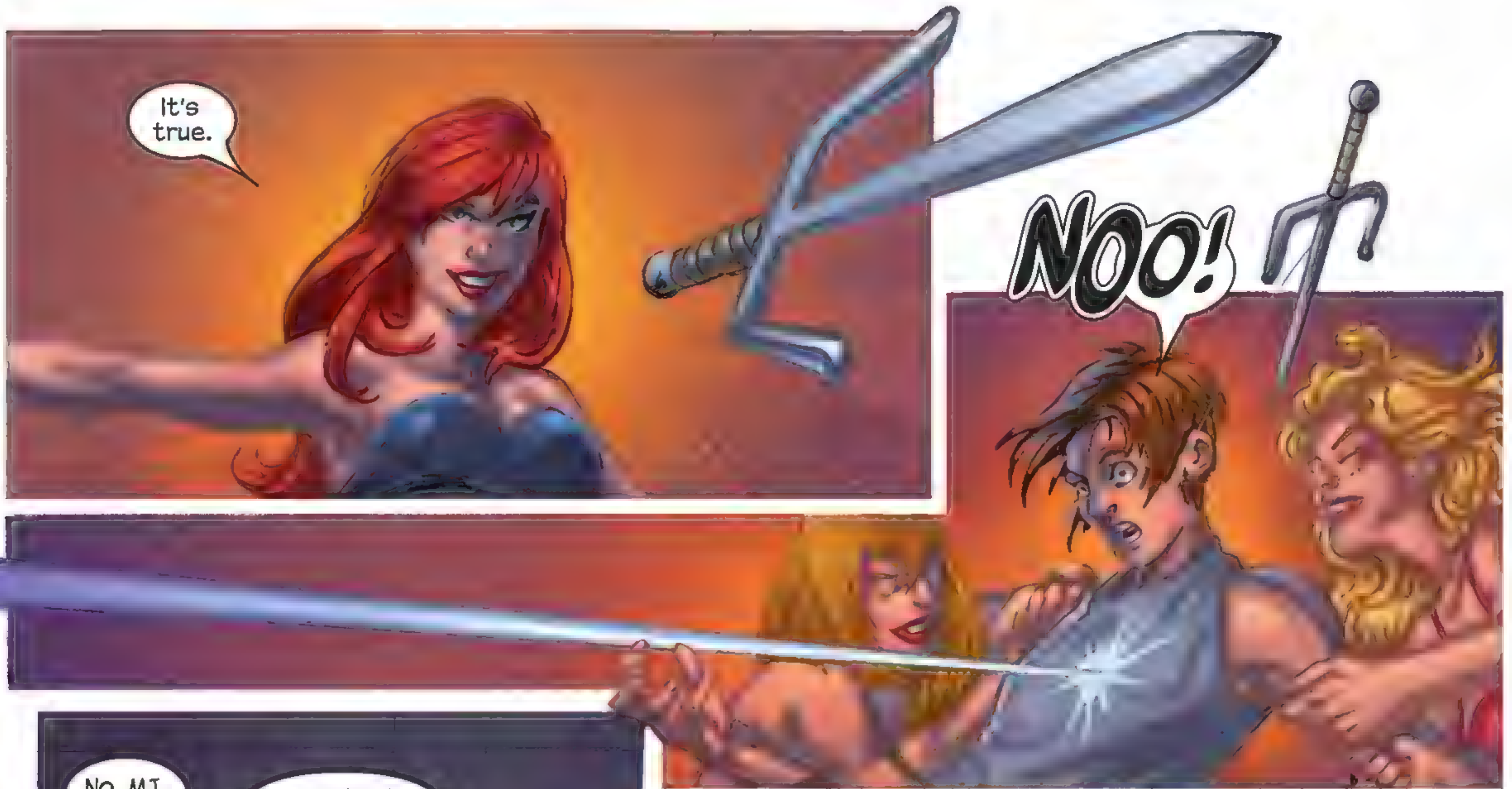
Doesn't matter.

Kid's got to wake up.









It's true.

Noo!



No, MJ, no!

I'm going to have to kill you, Peter, because if I don't...you'll kill me.

No!



You do *know* you're going to kill me, Peter. Of course, you will.

Of course, you will!!

I will die just because I know you!!



I will die because I let you *kiss* me.

It's just a matter of time.

In fact, let's start a death pool. Who says I die before Aunt May?



Fifty on Aunt May.

No way.

That woman will drop dead the minute she finds out the nerd wears a costume. She'll keel over.

No, no, no, too obvious. She doesn't even *like* him.

Parker will die way before that anyhow. He'll die fighting, I don't know, a big robot.

What?

A big robot will grab him and squash him and throw him in the East River and no one will ever find him.



And he'll end up on a milk carton... and in ten years no one will ever remember there *was* a Spider-Man.

No way.

Way.

No way.

Watch!



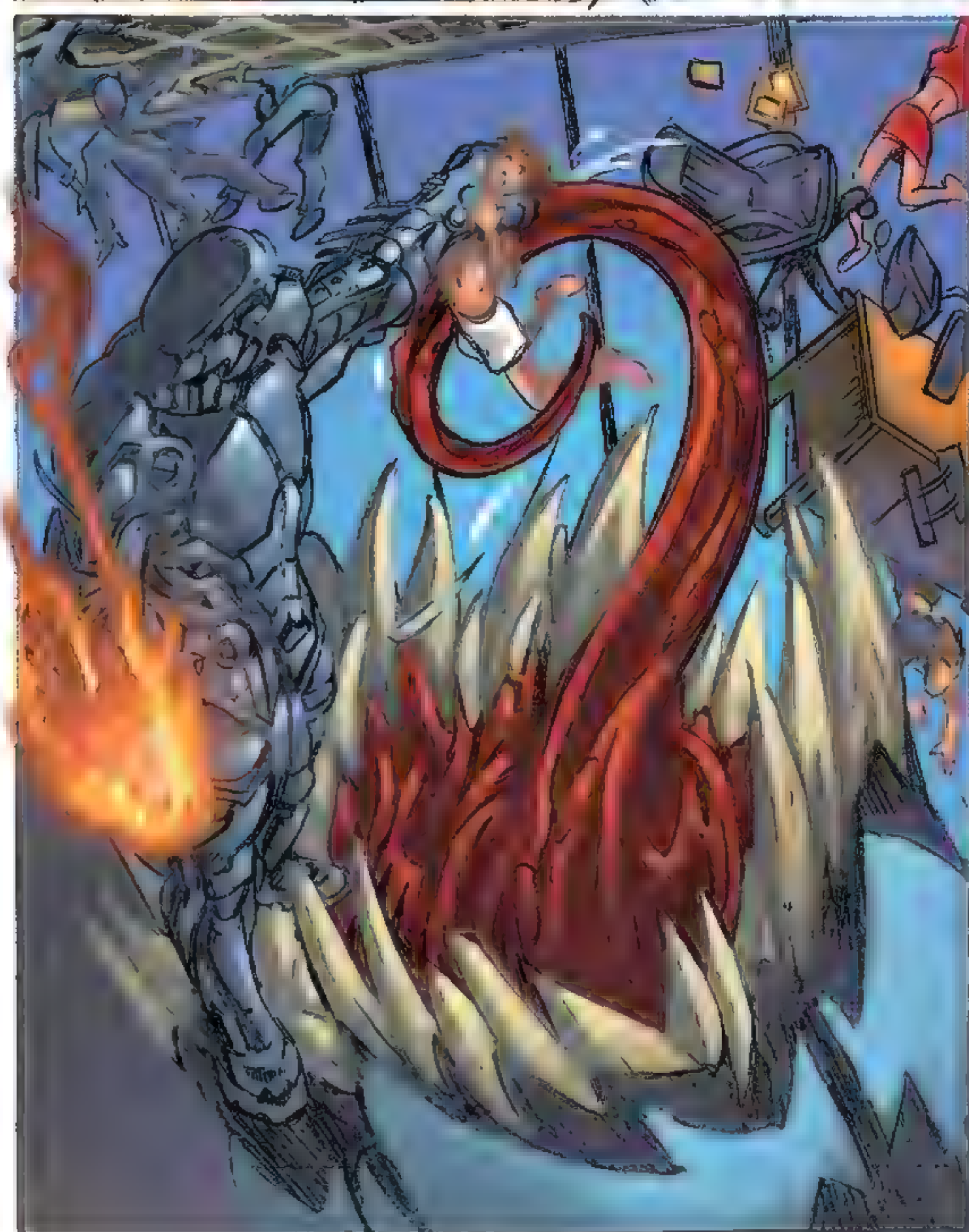


See?

When  
you're right,  
you're--

Kill  
him!!

Kill him  
before he  
kills all of  
us!!



Let him  
go!





Wake the boy up and let him go.



How did you enter here without pass?



Ruuthyu- gatho bahg!!

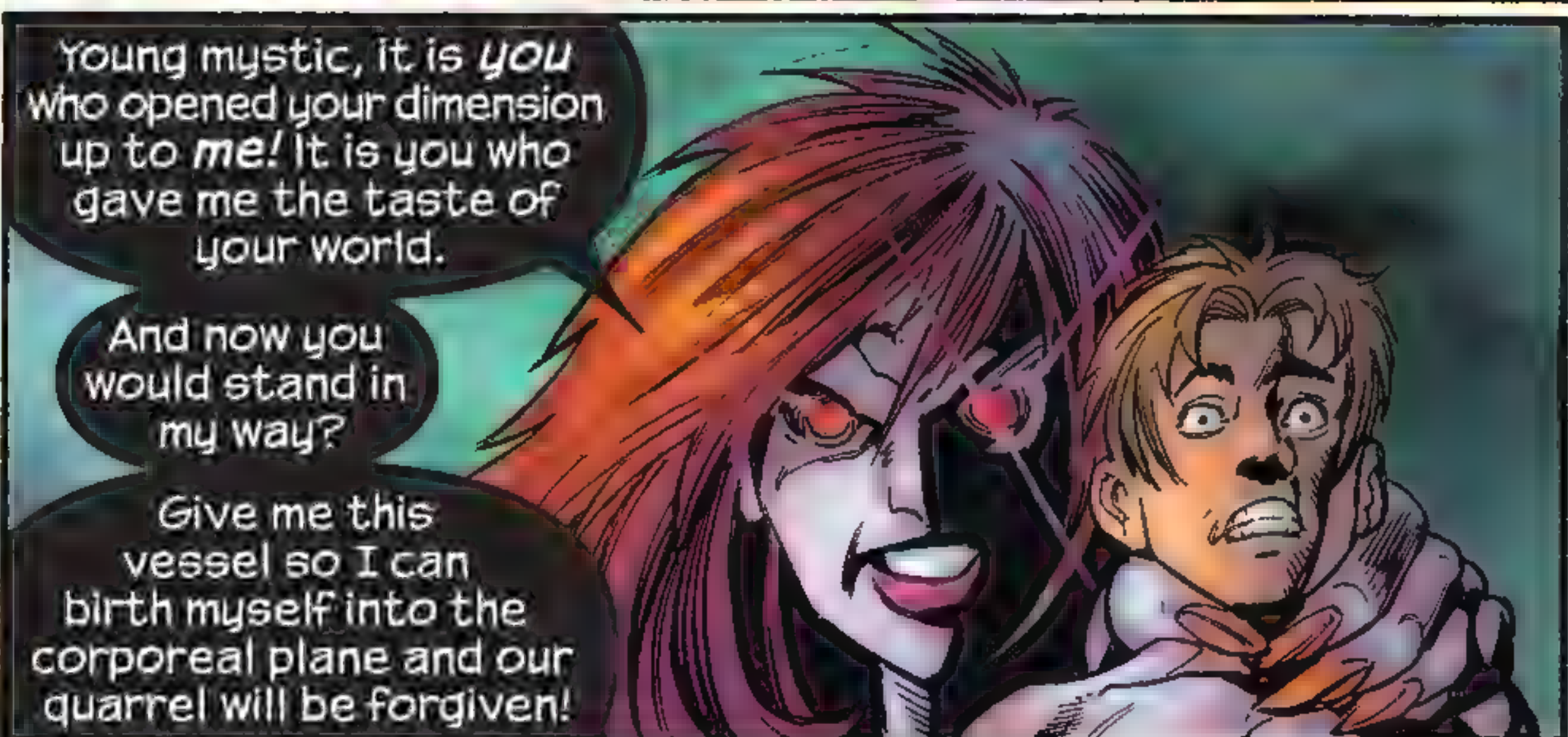


I am done with you, sorcerer. This place is mine.

This boy is mine!!



Tenegemy ware desfanti!!



Young mystic, it is *you* who opened your dimension up to *me*! It is you who gave me the taste of your world.

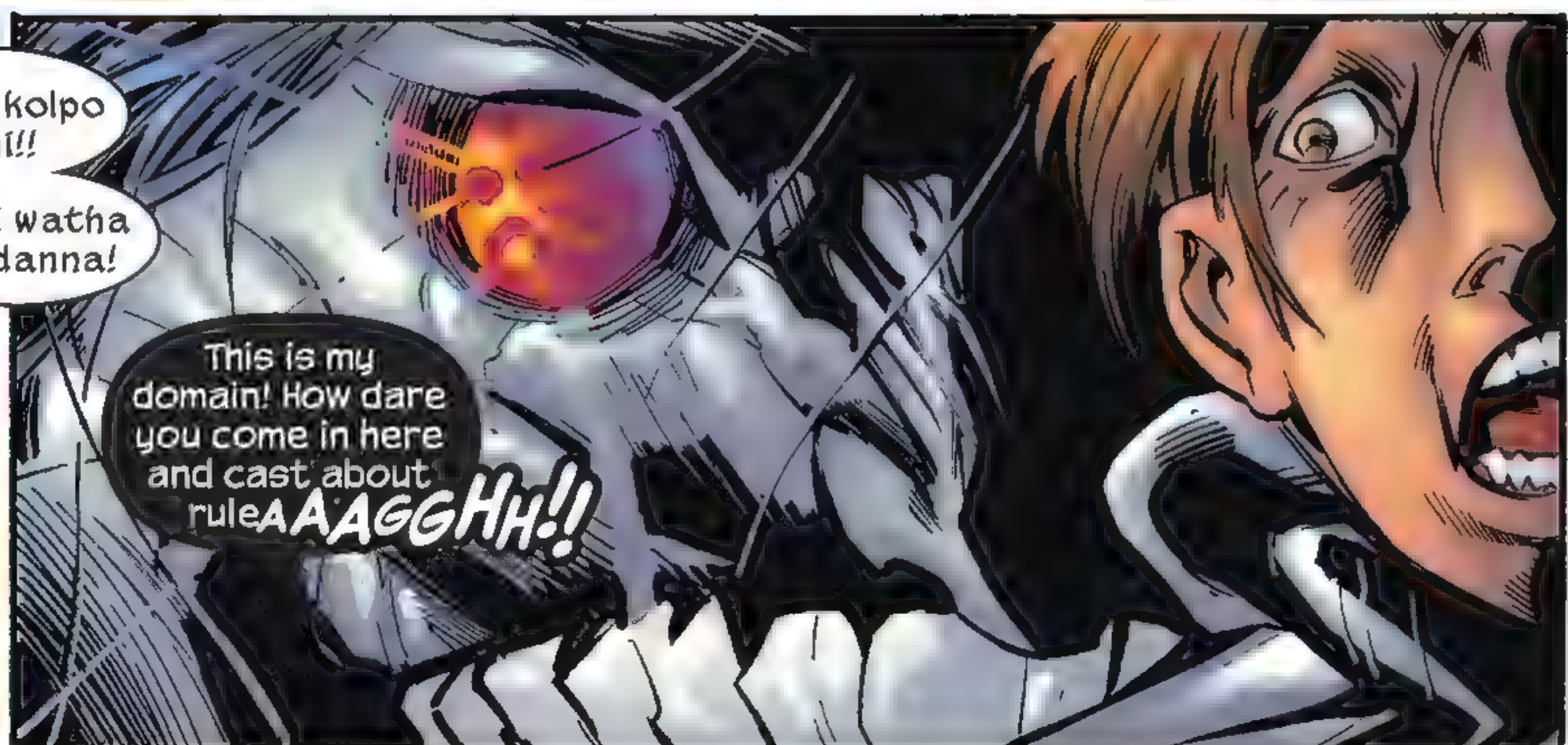
And now you would stand in my way?

Give me this vessel so I can birth myself into the corporeal plane and our quarrel will be forgiven!



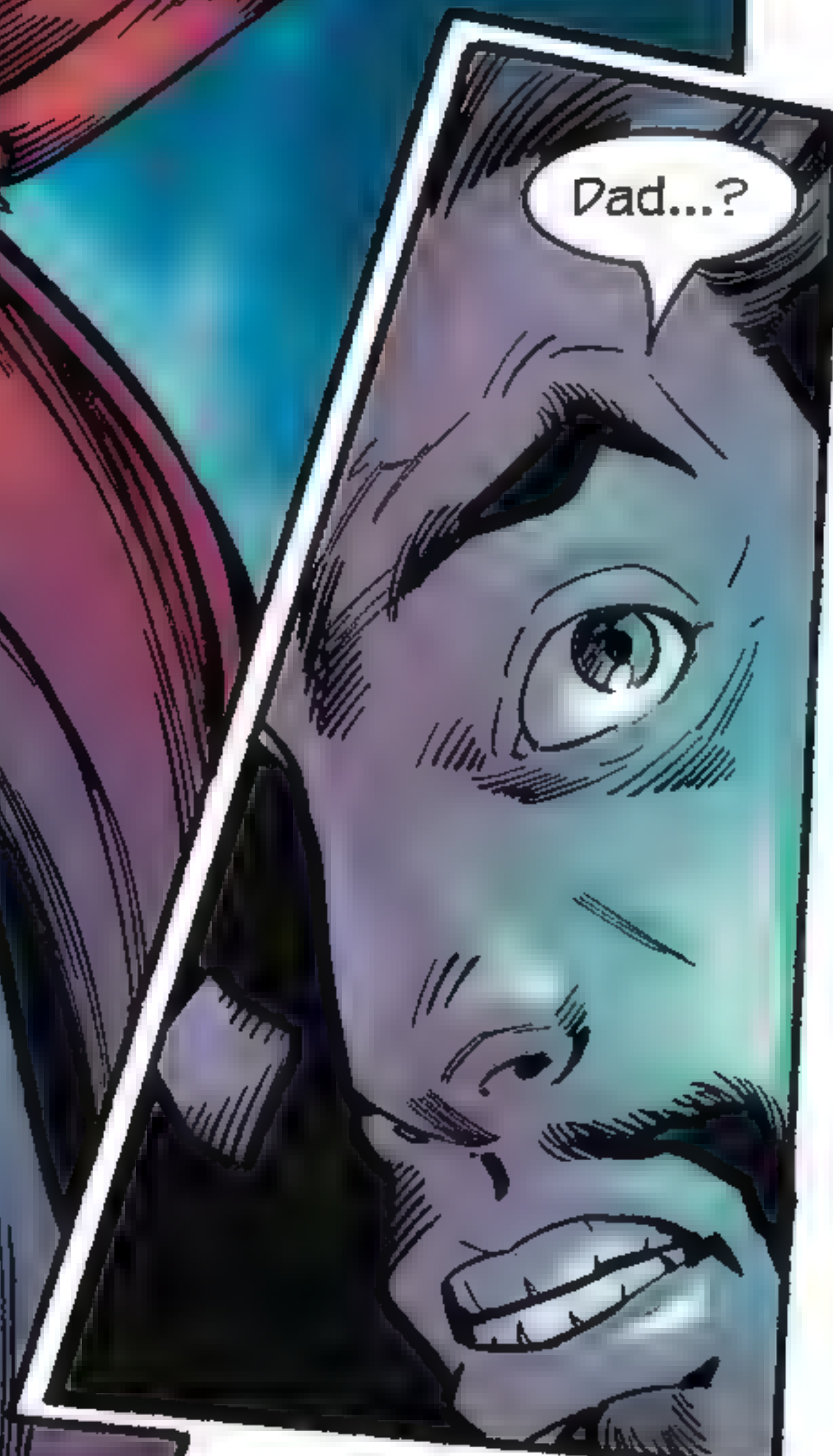
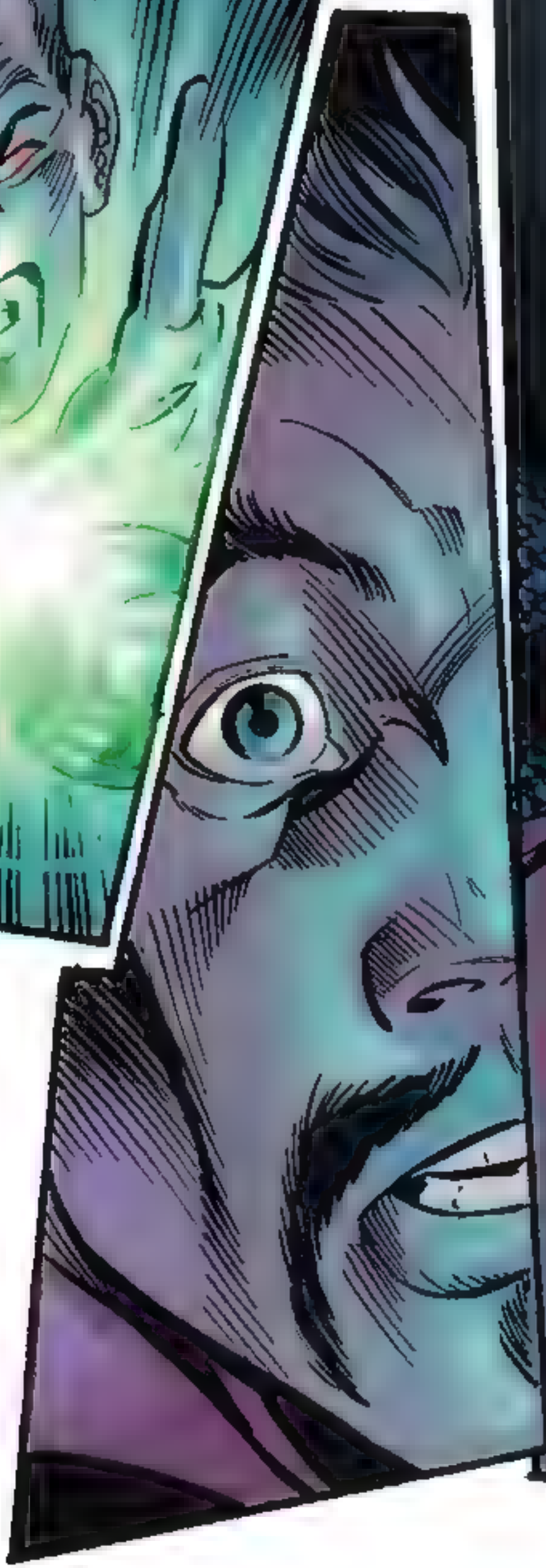
Thuuku kolpo Inih!!

Rafihi watha dasdanna!

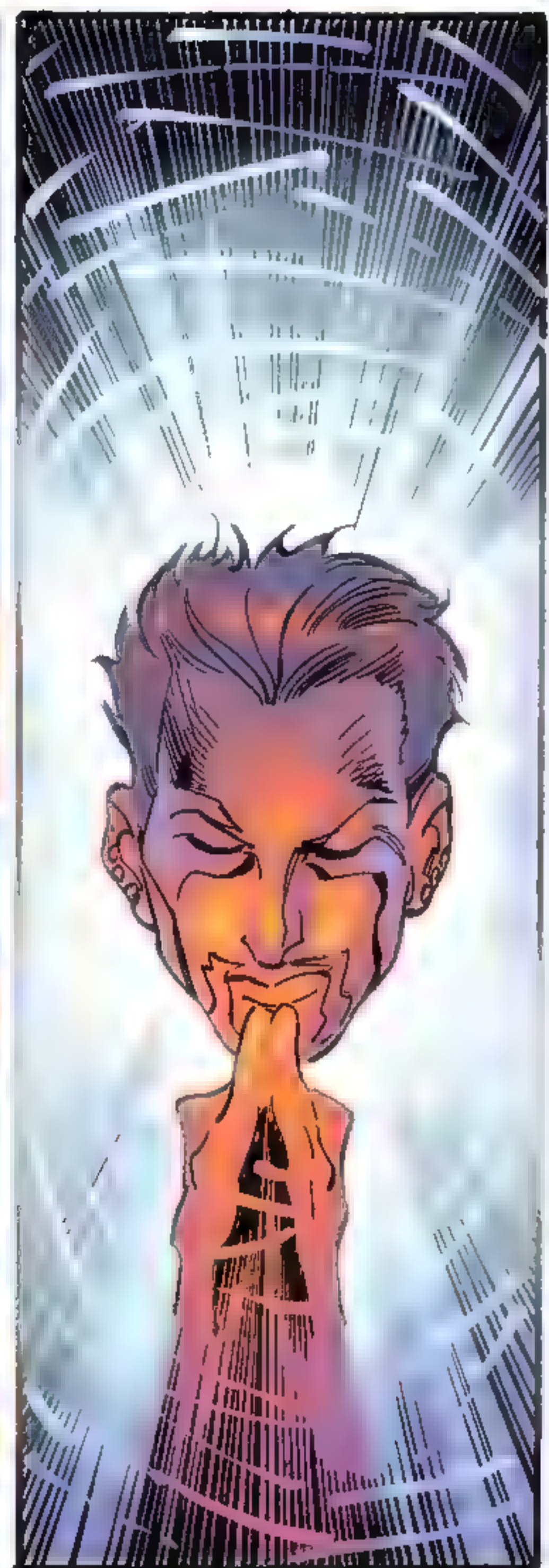
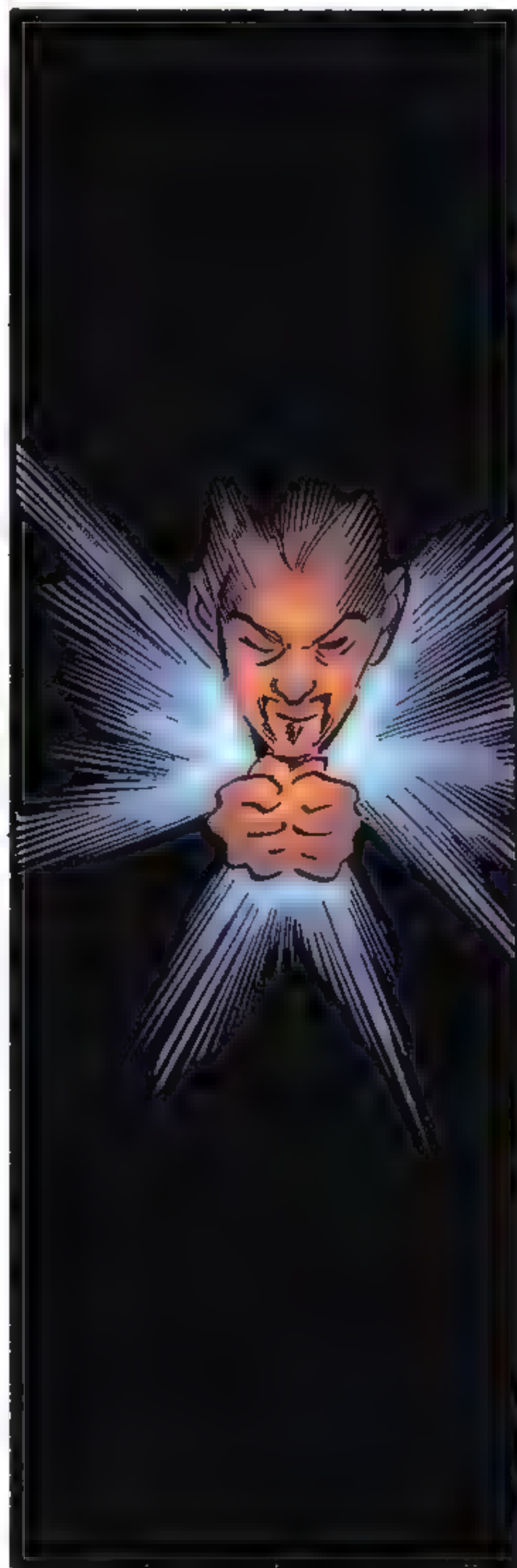
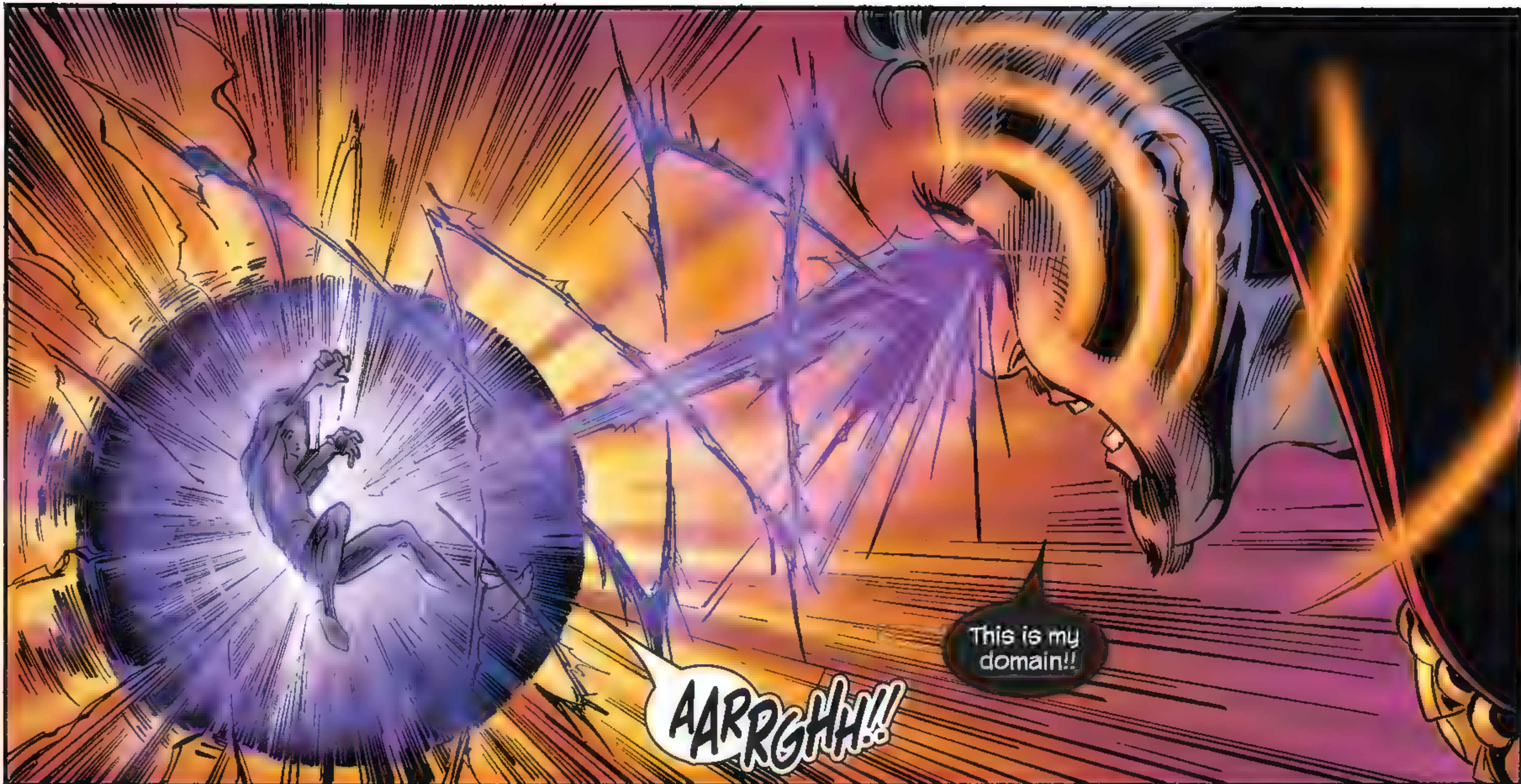


This is my domain! How dare you come in here and cast about ruleAAAGGHH!!













You shouldn't have used the image of my father like that.

All you did there was make me angry.

Isfandantu fadayana.







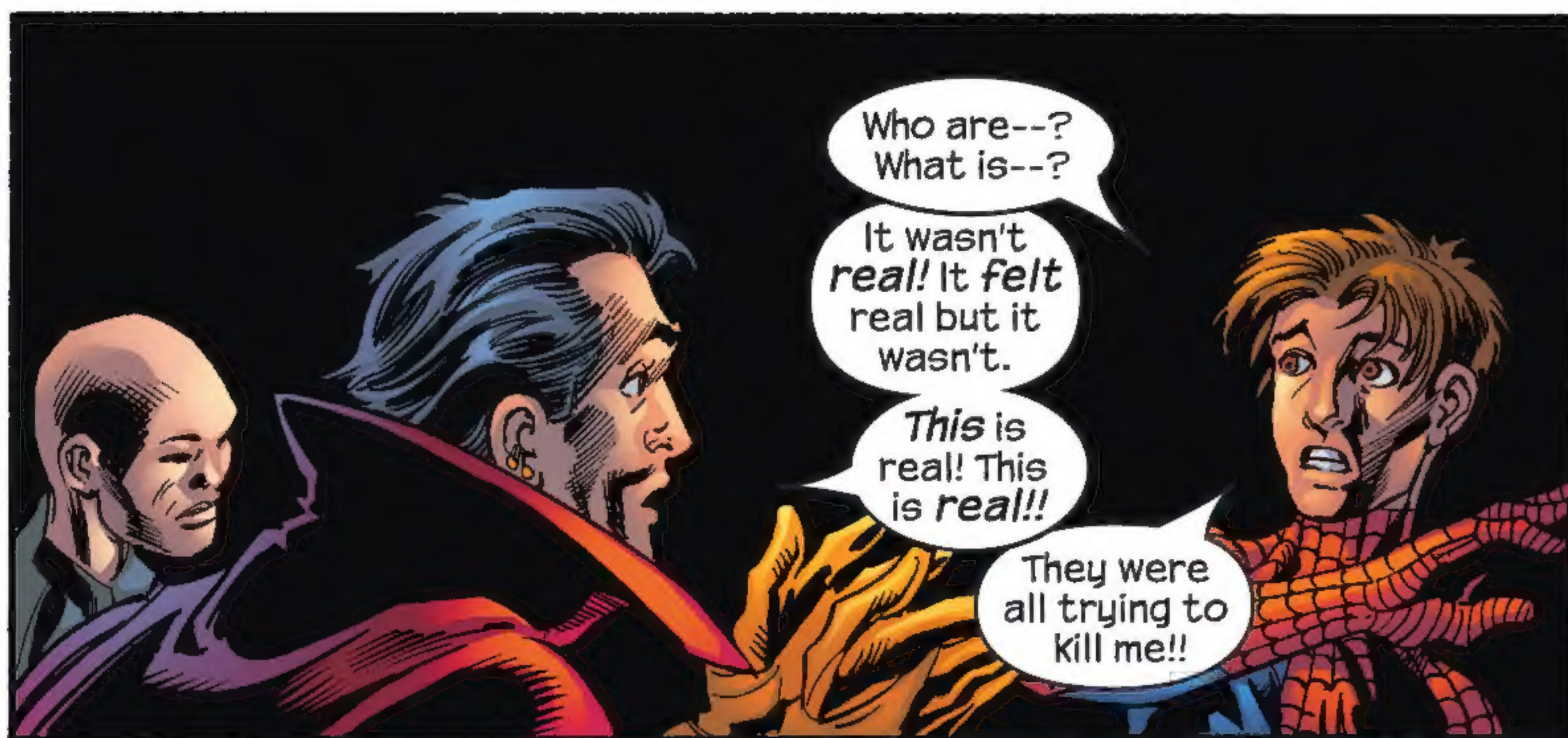


Whatthefuzzaga!!??

Calm down, kid.

It's okay, now...

What was that?



Who are--?  
What is--?

It wasn't *real*! It felt real but it wasn't.

*This* is real! *This* is real!!

They were all trying to kill me!!

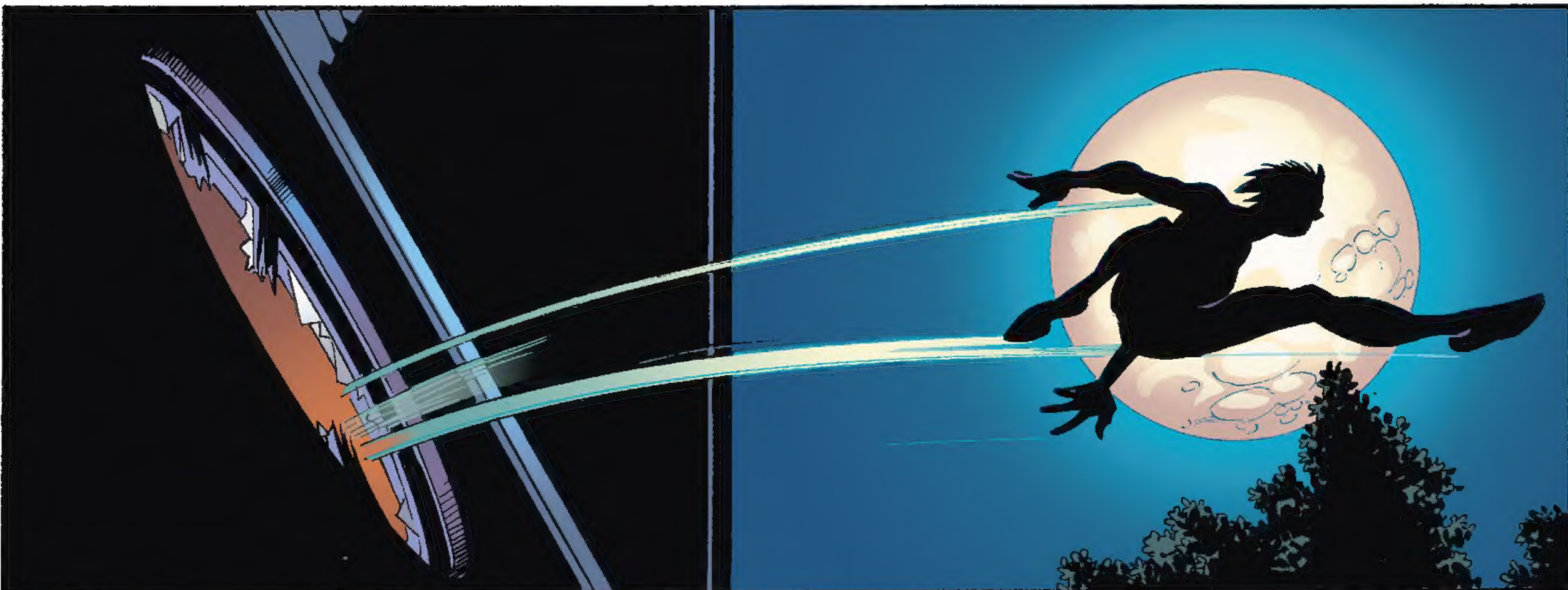
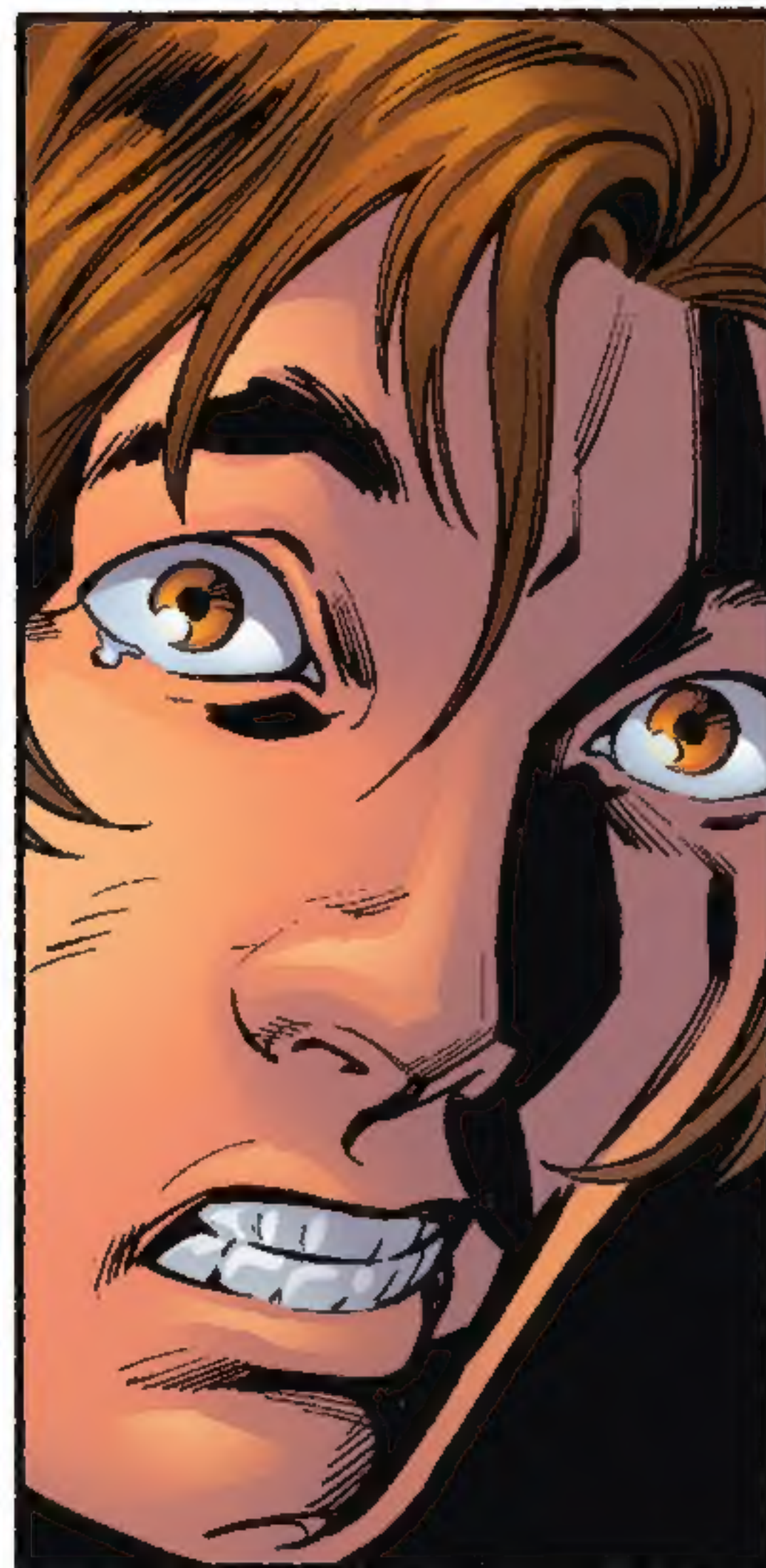


How do I know you? How do I--

You've been here before but I cast a memory spell on you, so you might not--

A what?

You might be having a sense of *déjà vu* on top of--



Left his mask.

We should tend to the window. The seal is broken.

Yeah.

Are you all right, master?

That was bad.

You won the day.

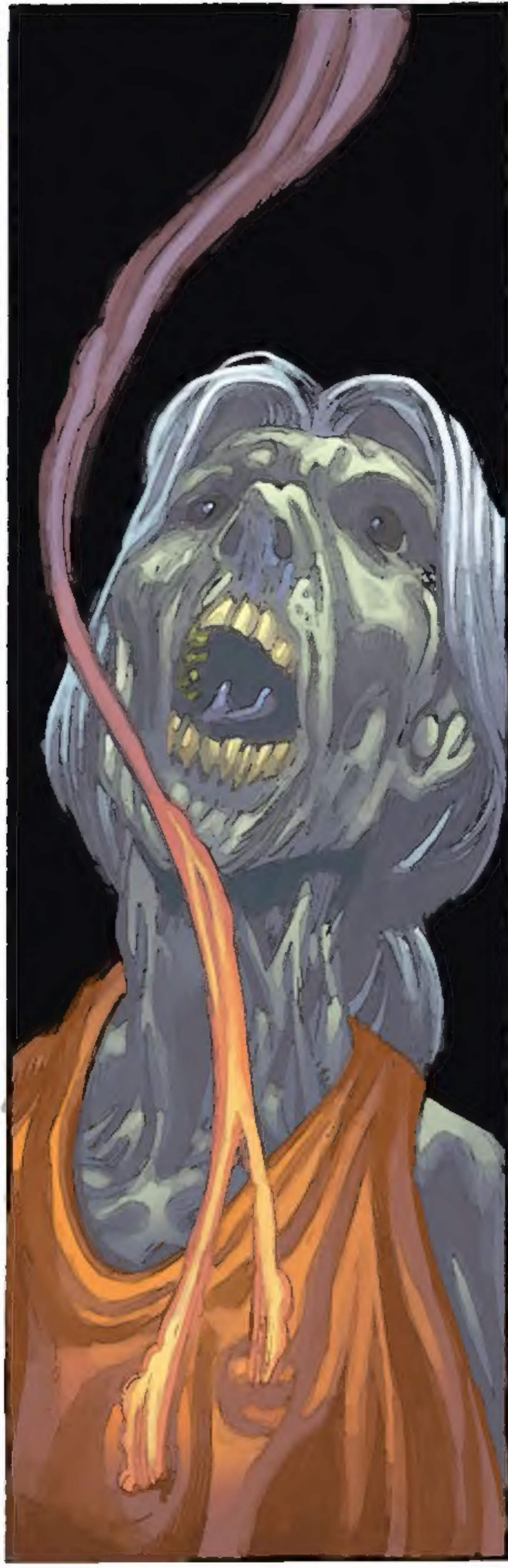


The only reason I got out of there was that this thing, whatever it was, was totally ill-prepared for me...

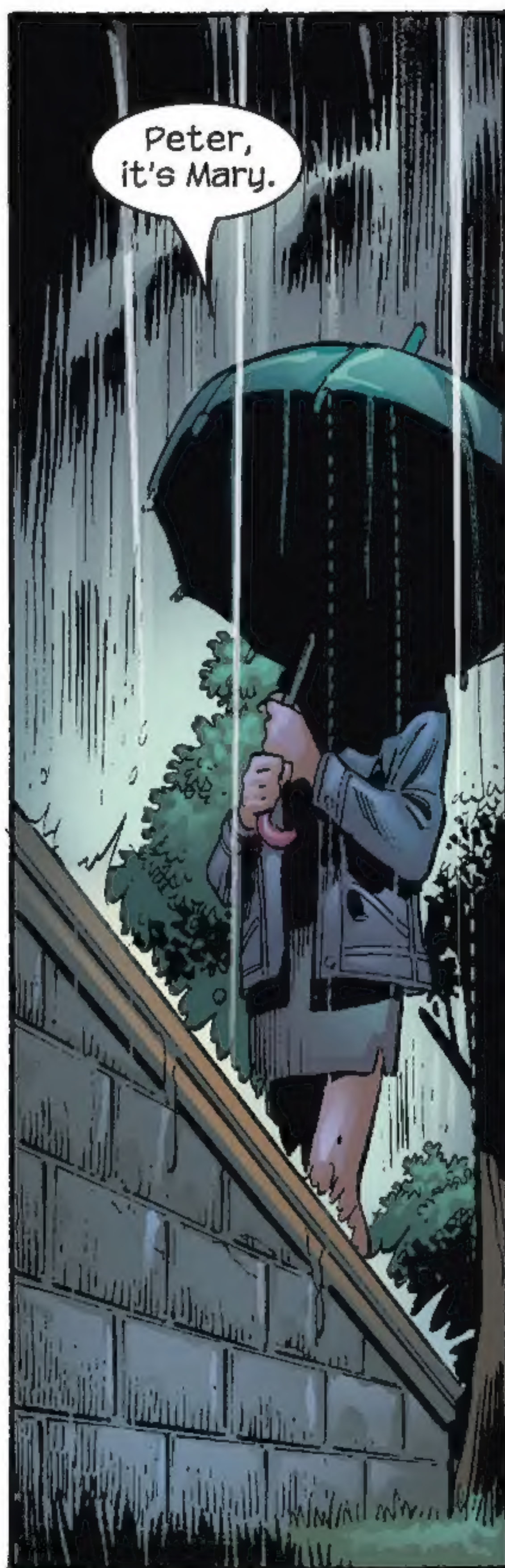
Next time...

Ugh, I have a lot of reading to do.







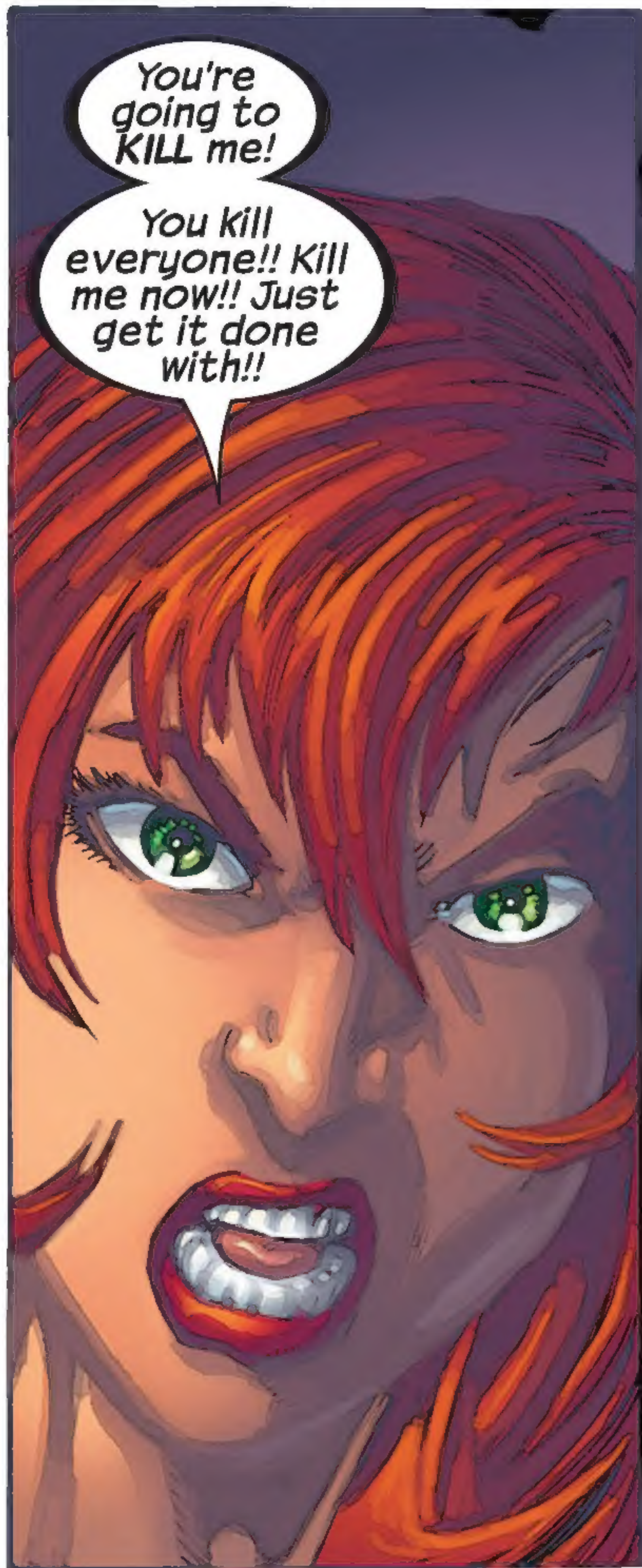


Peter,  
it's Mary.



Sweetie,  
it's me.

I'm  
alone.




You're  
going to  
**KILL** me!

You kill  
everyone!! Kill  
me now!! Just  
get it done  
with!!



But tonight  
was our fancy  
date...

 **Next issue: HOBGOBLIN**





**SON OF**

**ULTRAMAN**